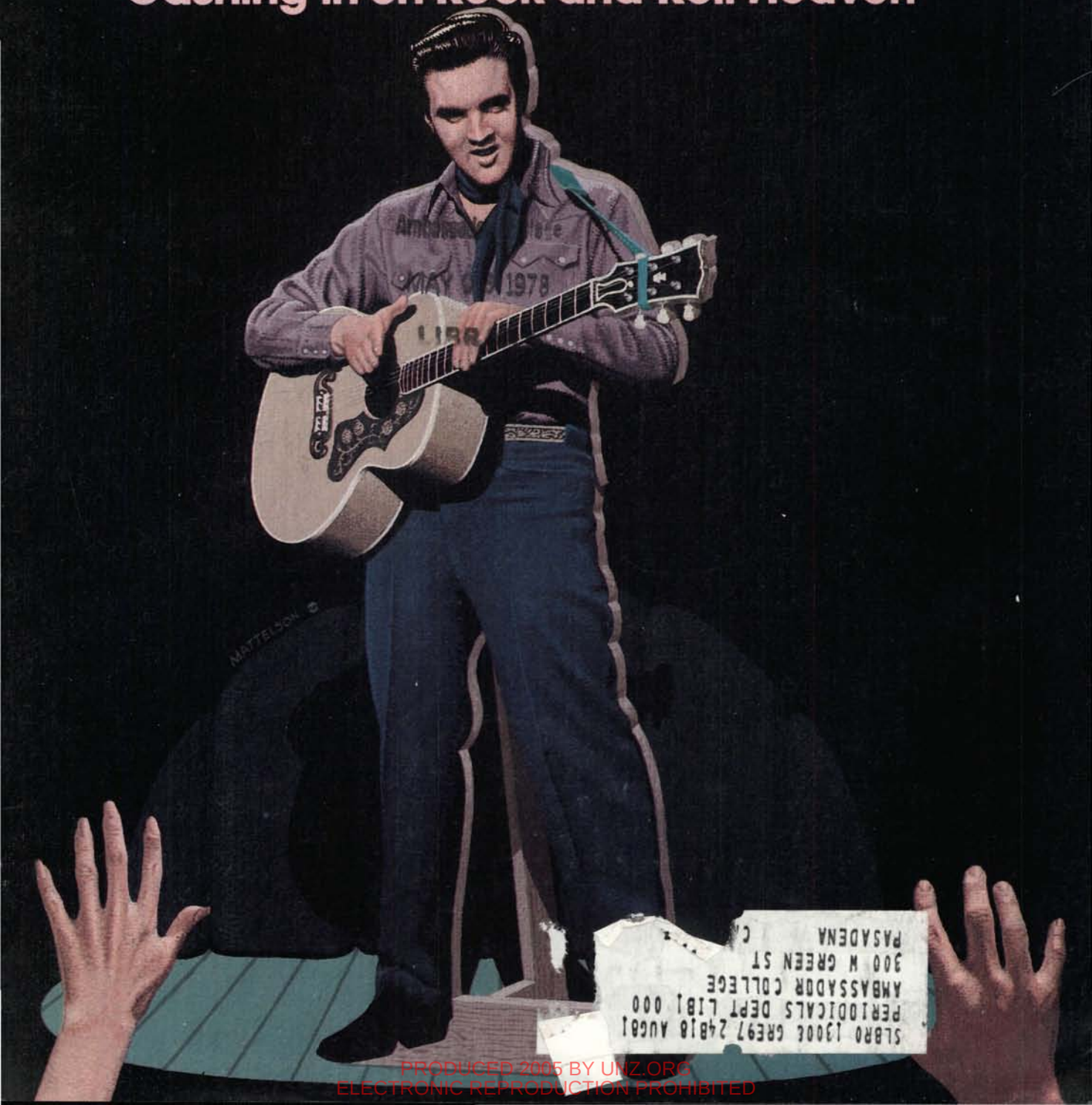
WHY WE CAN'T AFFORD NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE

MAY 13, 1978 ONE DOLLAR

Saturday Review

02830

NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD
Cashing in on Rock and Roll Heaven



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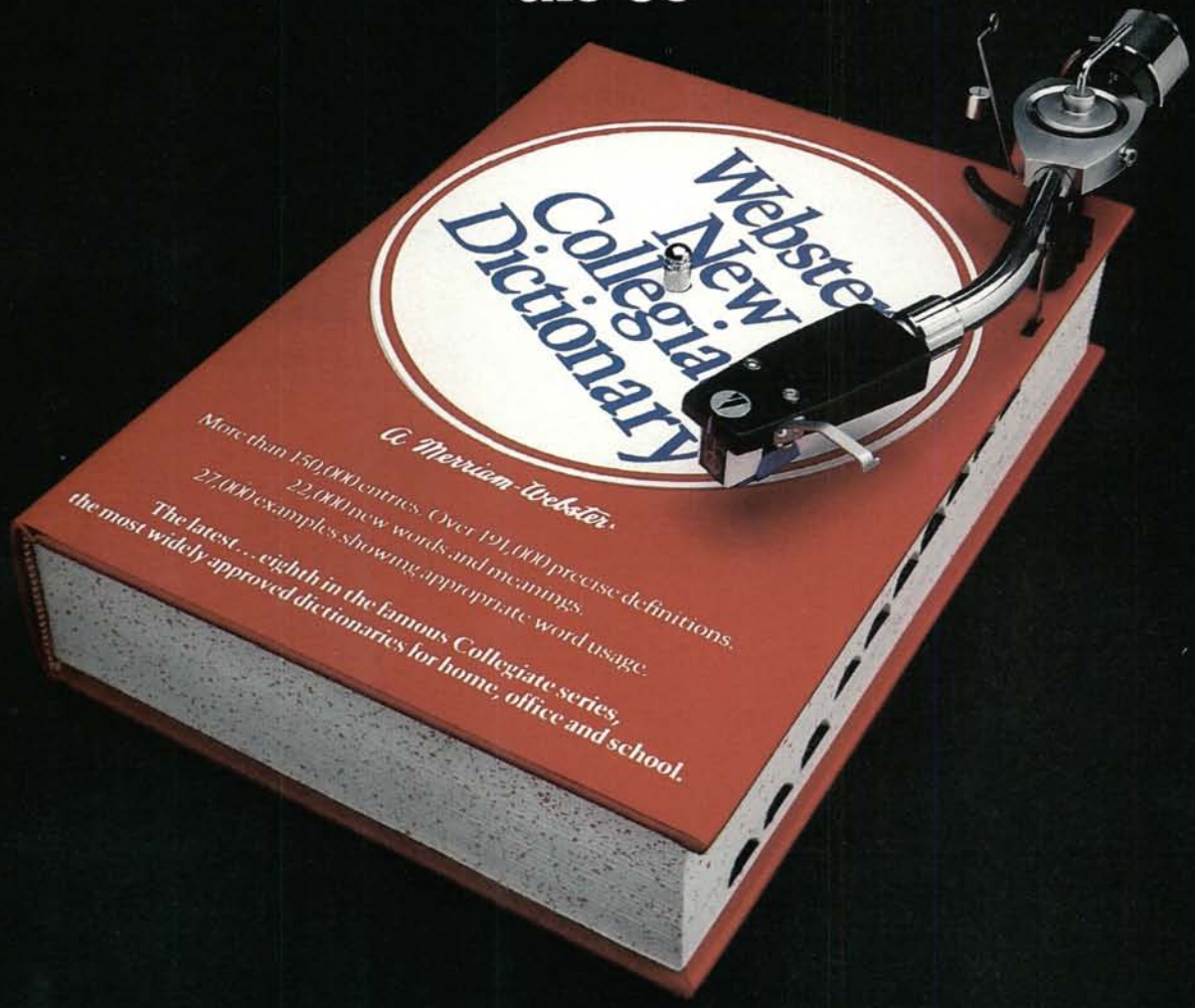
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"For more than a decade a successful nation has treated itself to a rancid feast of condemnation."

1 **The Bomb that Fizzled**
Thursday, May 18 at 8:30 pm
Starving people. Sick cities. Poverty. Even mass psychosis. It seems as if everything has been blamed on the Population Explosion. But did that Bomb ever go off? In the first of a 3-part series on "The Enemies of Growth" Ben Wattenberg challenges some of our most common assumptions.

2 **Pig of the World**
Thursday, May 25
Critics like **Stewart Udall** say America is ripping off the world's resources. Wattenberg discounts this gloomy view of economic rape and ecological panic.

3 **Enemies of Growth**
Thursday, June 1
Some environmentalists think vigorous economic growth is bad news. Wattenberg thinks some environmentalists are bad news. Guests: **Senator Henry Jackson**, *Harper's* Editor, **Lewis H. Lapham**

4 **Mother, Flag and Apple Pie**
Thursday, June 8
The Sixties. Long hair, communes and revolution. The Seventies. Haircuts, houses and three-piece suits. What happened? **Senator S. I. Hayakawa** and **Ramsey Clark** have different views.

5 **The State of the Unions**
One hour Special
Tuesday, June 13, 8 pm
Unions. Liberals say they've forgotten the downtrodden. Conservatives think they strangle the economy. But where would we be without them? Guests: **Lane Kirkland, Cesar Chavez, Milton Friedman, Albert Shanker.**

6 **Two Cheers for the CIA**
Thursday, June 15
Who needs the CIA anyway? If you have to ask that, you'd better watch this. Guests: Former CIA Chiefs **Richard Helms** and **William Colby.**

7 **The Totalitarian Temptation**
Thursday, June 22
Is Europe drifting away from freedom? Does it really matter to us? Author **Jean Francois Revel** talks about the temptations of totalitarianism.

8 **The War of the Intellectuals**
Thursday, June 29
Many intellectuals think America has gone down the drain. Meet one who doesn't. A special interview with **Norman Podhoretz**, Editor of *Commentary* magazine.

9 **Black Progress**
Thursday, July 6
Despite rhetoric to the contrary, American Blacks have made remarkable strides in the last 15 years. **Julian Bond, Alex Haley, Bayard Rustin** and others look at the puzzle of Black progress.

10 **There's No Business Like Big Business**
Thursday, July 13
Big Business, the modern American villain. Has it really failed us? Or have we failed to understand Big Business? Ben Wattenberg argues with **John Kenneth Galbraith.**

11 **The Good Guys of History**
Thursday, July 20
Viet Nam shattered our good guy image. **Senator Daniel P. Moynihan** and **Secretary James Schlesinger** think it's time to put the pieces back together before it's too late.

12 **Hail to the Chief**
Thursday, July 27
Presidents have been called imperial – out of touch with the people. **Lady Bird Johnson, Dean Rusk** and **William Safire** disagree.

13 **Worker's Lib**
Thursday, August 3
Work. Boring? Meaningless? Impersonal? Ben Wattenberg says that's bunk. Guest: **George Meany**, President of the AFL-CIO.

"A funny thing happened on the way to the Bicentennial. The dominant rhetoric of intellectual discourse turned gloomy – surely on the left, often on the right. We have poor-mouthed, crisis-mongered and guilt-peddled ourselves half to death.

"I believe, despite what we hear these days, that the American experience has been a successful one – that it has set into motion a remarkably healthy and creative process around the world. And I believe that most Americans share that view.

"Last year, public television produced **In Search Of the Real America** as a challenge to the chorus of failure, guilt and crisis. Tonight begins a second season – now in a weekly format. The purpose remains the same – to look at America today and to separate social facts from social fiction."

Ben J. Wattenberg

Ben J. Wattenberg is the author of *The Real America* and co-author of the best selling *The Real Majority*. A former aide and speechwriter for President Lyndon Johnson, Senators Hubert Humphrey and Henry Jackson, Wattenberg has helped write two Democratic Party platforms and is now Chairman of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority. He has been active as a business consultant. He is a Senior Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, where he co-edits the new magazine, *Public Opinion*.

In Search of the Real America Begins Thursday, May 18 at 8:30 on PBS

Consult local listings for channel in your area.

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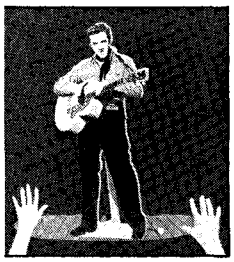

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IBM Reports

Information: a matter of life.

When firemen respond to a blaze in Wichita, Kansas, they are likely to know in advance if there are any invalids in the residence who will need special help. The fire department's computer system provides instant information about where any of 400 invalids in the city live—information that can be relayed to firemen while they are speeding to the fire.

A citizen with an emergency telephones the police department in Hampton, Virginia. A computer-based dispatch system, which helps police handle some 250 calls daily, brings patrolmen to the scene anywhere within a 54-square-mile area in an average of seven or eight minutes—half the time it formerly took.

A patient complaining of chest pains is admitted to a small hospital in a remote Texas community. Electrocardiogram tests are taken and the results transmitted to a medical center in Houston. A computer-analyzed report comes back in minutes. Proper treatment can begin at once.

Concerned action becomes possible

Increasingly, in communities throughout the nation, the difference between life and death or injury is the same: information...information made possible, and usable, by modern technology.

Information technology is IBM's business: providing products, from modern computers to advanced office systems, to record information, store it, process it, retrieve it and communicate it.

Declining costs spur wider use

There are hundreds of companies in the information technology industry, and they are constantly developing new and better products—driving down the cost of using information technology at a startling rate. For example, just 10 years ago, it cost $25 per month to store a million characters of information in an advanced IBM direct access storage system. Today it costs 50 cents.

It is this kind of progress that has made it practical for many more fire departments, police departments, hospitals and other organizations to take advantage of information technology and put it to use in new and caring ways.

In its research, and in the stream of products that flows from that research, IBM is searching for—and finding—still better ways to help put information to work for people.

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LETTERS

Sane Solutions

The solution to the issue described by Richard Gambino ["The Murderous Mind: Insanity vs. the Law," March 18] is more available than he would have us believe.

As a clinical psychologist working in an institution, I am constantly reminded that commitment to a mental institution is usually not a solution to the problem. Hospitals are often not equipped to control the involuntary patient. These people are often discharged just to get rid of the problems they create, and they usually resume their aberrant behavior upon discharge.

Our legal system was created not to "treat" individuals but to monitor them and to influence their own control of their behavior. Therefore, what is needed is that the courts first decide if the defendant committed the act and the legal consequences of that act. Following this, we can determine if the individual needs treatment.

Such a stance involves many adjustments, among them a reconsideration of specific penalties and a serious move toward treatment facilities within the prison system, along with many other desperately needed changes. But if we begin by clearing up the confusion between a person's guilt or innocence and his behavior, we will be on our way to resolving this problem.

Name Withheld
Tacoma, Wash.

Princeton Promptings

Regarding Alden Whitman's introduction to his review "Seeing Red" [March 18], I cannot resist offering the following lines:

A Princeton professor nam'd *Stone*
By SR's reviewer is shown,
In truth (we now learn),
To be one Lawrence Stern—
Heretofore a fact not widely known.

A. G. Roeber
Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

Supporting the Public

It was refreshing, if somewhat appalling, to read Karl E. Meyer's comments about television's commercial broadcasters ["The Golden·Giveaway," March 18]. For years, the prepackaged variety/sit-com "entertainments" of NBC, CBS, and ABC have been pretty disgusting, and only occasionally is the viewer offered an hour or two of selected programming that will divert, amuse, or actually hold his attention. But now I understand that this is the best they can do—with $1.25 billion?

In the past several months, a television network in our neighborhood has "gone public," and from the Dick Cavett broadcasts alone, I have been bumped, coaxed, prodded, swayed, and, on occasion, incensed by the likes of Norman Mailer, Gore Vidal, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and James Dickey.

As you may understand, my preferences are mostly literary. But with the purported 3 percent commercial network franchise tax that would generate about $240 million per year for use by the public broadcasting system—well, hell. What thirst for honest entertainment could possibly go unquenched?

Sam A. Mackie
Key West, Fla.

Reinforcement for Writers

I would like to thank *SR* for making available to us Robertson Davies's thoughts on the "writer's calling" ["The Writer's Conscience," March 18]. Keeping Cervantes, Goethe, and Davies himself in mind is certainly a comfort and a source of hope for those of us whose special gifts and finest work may yet prove to be products of the second half of our life.

Nan Seitz
Wayne, N.J.

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 146

Helen (Jackson) Lee:
Nigger in the Window

Eleanor Roosevelt was no orator but her words were genuine. She had proved her sincerity by her deeds. As she spoke about her desire to see an anti-lynching bill pass, shouts of agreement rang out. Some people wept openly.

Saturday Review

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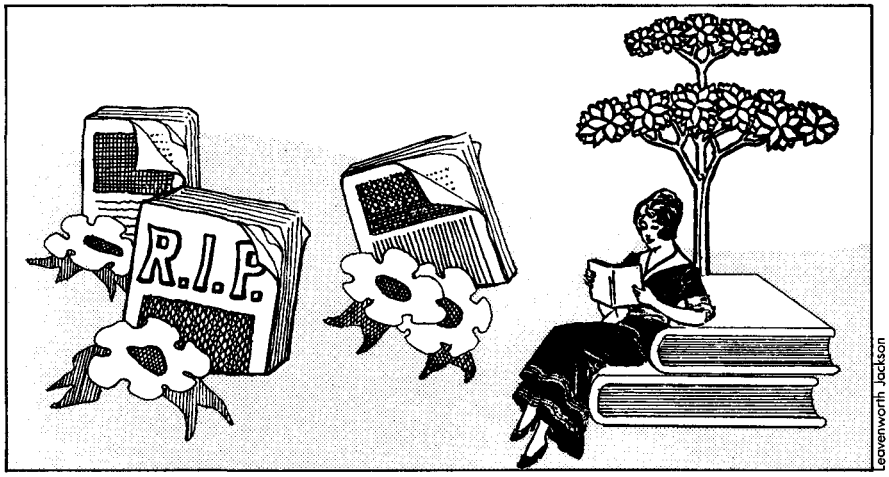
FRONT RUNNERS



Leavenworth Jackson

Quid Pro Quo

Are low-priced paperbacks going to drive hard-cover publishers out of business? Not by the look of things: Hard-cover sales are holding up fine, and fewer paperbacks were sold in 1977 than in 1976. Why this dip in sales volume? Because, in part, customers are becoming more selective, buying paperbacks one at a time instead of sweeping them up by the armful. Also, customers are returning paperbacks to bookstores more than they used to. Paperback profits—as opposed to number of volumes sold—have held steady at 13 percent, however, because the price charged per individual volume has gone up sharply.

Finally, the number of paperbacks sold is being cut into sharply by the emergence of the barter system: At one Manhattan book-barter house, you get a credit of 25 percent of the sales price on any paperback you bring in. The book exchange then sells the paperback to another customer for only 50 percent of its original cover price. This roaringly successful system is, of course, just fine for the omnivorous reader, but publishers and authors are following its growing popularity with a dour eye.

The Torrents of Spring

With China's new "Hundred Flowers" campaign well under way, hitherto forbidden books are tumbling from the presses. The bonanza includes, says *Peking Review*, not only Chinese and Marxist classics but also selected Western works: Hugo's *Les Misérables*, Turgenev's *Virgin Soil*, Schwab's *Myths and Epics of Ancient Greece*, selected works by Einstein, and some of Shakespeare's plays. Korean, Japanese, and Pakistani writers, and even early Soviet authors Vladimir Mayakovsky and Maxim Gorki are represented. The new freedom has been made possible, the *Review* explains, by the deposing of the infamous "gang of four."

The Optimists

A commission set up 23 years ago to create an FDR memorial has so far chewed up $500,000 but has come up dry. True, it's held two competitions to find a design for the memorial, but the government's Fine Arts Commission—which has the final say—has turned down both winning designs. Even if Fine Arts does approve a design, it will then have to run a gauntlet of eight other agencies—including HEW, which checks out such building proposals from the standpoint of facilities provided for the handicapped. However, the memorial commission, now well into its twenty-fourth year and second half-million, is optimistically pressing ahead with its quest for an acceptable design.

My Son, My Son

It's still a man's world, so far as American mothers are concerned. Lolagene C. Coombs, a scholar at the University of Michigan's Population Studies Center, has developed a new measuring technique to probe the underlying preferences of women regarding the sex of their children. Using data from the U.S. National Survey of Family Growth, she discovered that 49 percent of married American women of childbearing age prefer to have sons; 32 percent prefer to have daughters; and only 19 percent prefer to have "balanced" families—at least one child of each sex. Results were based on a weighted sample of 6,897 women aged fifteen to forty-four.

Coombs says it had been generally believed that in the United States a preference for sons had been replaced by a preference for balanced families. However, she found one exception to the American preference for sons: Among women with Spanish cultural backgrounds 40 percent prefer daughters, a slightly higher proportion than those who prefer sons.

The new measuring technique has been tried in at least seven other countries. In Bangladesh, South Korea, Taiwan, and Malaysia, says Coombs, the preference is overwhelmingly for sons. The son preference is almost as strong in Hungary. But in the Philippines and Colombia—both nations with strong Spanish backgrounds—married women prefer to have daughters.

Like It Is

Your turn-of-the-century French aristocracy was not the least bit awed by social climbing literary lions—even when the lion was Marcel Proust. In *On Becoming American* (Houghton Mifflin, $10.95), Ted Morgan—who was formerly a French count named Sanche de Gramont—tells how when Proust bent to sign the guest register at the home of Morgan's great-uncle, that nobleman huffed, "Just your name, Mr. Proust. No thoughts."

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FRONT RUNNERS

Pat Warner

Too Smart for Jail

Should a high IQ exempt you from punishment for your crimes? Recently, Ronald Anthony Valerin, twenty-two, pleaded guilty to making off with art works valued at $14,500. Police had earlier found in Valerin's Dayton home other art works—including a Manet etching missing from a Cincinnati museum—valued at $100,000. Valerin, it came out in court, graduated from Williams College and has a genius-level IQ of 140. Judge Russell E. Yeazel thereupon suspended Valerin's two-to-five-year prison sentence, saying, "We don't have the prison facilities to handle a genius. ... The system is set up for people with more normal intelligence. I don't understand the dummies, and I don't understand the brighties. ... We seldom see such an IQ."

A Note of Interest

New York City's on-again, off-again bankruptcy inspires drastic speculations. Suppose the Indians who sold Fun City in 1626 for $24 in beads and trinkets had invested the money in one of those long-term accounts that pay 7.5 percent annual interest, compounded. The Indians would have had $48 by 1636 and $96 a decade later.

By the turn of the century, the account would have exceeded $60,000. On the eve of the American Revolution, the $24 would already have doubled 15 times to more than three quarters of a million dollars; and to three quarters of a *billion* by the end of the Civil War.

Still doubling by the decade, the fund would have exceeded $13 billion during the first years of the present century, $26 billion during World War I, $52 billion during the Roaring Twenties, and $100 billion during the Great Depression.

According to a recent report by New York City's finance department, the value of all taxable real estate in the city has fallen for the third straight year, to a mere $38 billion plus change. Obviously, the solution to the city's financial woes is to give it back to the Indians and get our $24 back—plus interest, of course.

Go Down, William

Do America's top publishers know good writing when they see it? Curious to know the answer, Gene Bragdon, of Oklahoma City, recently circulated to 11 prestigious New York publishers the opening chapter of William Faulkner's *The Reivers*—changing the title to *The Thieves* and submitting the ms. under his own name. The publishing houses included such biggies as Viking, Knopf, Atheneum, and Little, Brown.

What happened? A blizzard of rejection slips is what happened. Of the 11 slips, only one bore any indication that the publisher's slush-pile crew had caught on to Bragdon's hoax: Someone at E. P. Dutton wrote the wry comment, "*The Reivers*, by William Faulkner, has already *been* published." But aside from this, not a glimmer: Three of the houses even referred the ms. to their children's divisions, which then sent Bragdon rejection letters.

No Hard Feelings

Ruffled feathers no end when the Lewiston, Maine, *Daily Sun* reported that Roger Mills, Sr., had charged at a town meeting that Telstar Regional High School is "an open sewer." Now, however, the Bethel, Maine, *Citizen* has set the record straight: What Mills really said, it seems, was that the school is "an open sore." Presumably, all wounds are now healed.

Front Runners Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. We regret that we cannot acknowledge receipt of materials, run by-lines with items, or return unused submissions.
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MAKING AMERICA LOOK FOOLISH

The Case of the Bungling Diplomat

by Don Cook

IT HAS LONG BEEN AXIOMATIC in the conduct of American foreign policy—indeed, in the conduct of almost any country's foreign policy—that domestic politics and good diplomacy seldom mix. Of course it is impossible to conduct foreign policy in a political vacuum, and in any case no foreign policy works very long or very well unless it is rooted in national political support. Nevertheless, there is a balance to be struck; and when the balance tilts to the point where domestic politics begins to determine the conduct of diplomacy, both usually suffer. Domestic political battles can rarely be won on the playing fields of international diplomacy. The game becomes too complex, the interests too diffuse, and the players too independent. Points can be scored and headlines realized, but more often than not the results are counterproductive to true national interests.

A current example of the problem is the diplomacy of human rights. Ever since President Carter hit political pay dirt in 1976 by proclaiming that America was going to make itself heard on human rights in the world, the careful, moderating voice of diplomacy has been subordinated to the strident voice of domestic politics. In the process, the human rights question has come to dominate the tone, if not the basic interests and objectives, of America's relations with the Soviet Union. The same is true of such states as the Philippines, South Korea, and Brazil, where President Carter personally raised the issue during a March visit. To an extent, it is even true in Iran, where traditional American strategic interests and friendly relations are now overshadowed by Washington's projection of the human rights question as some kind of international saliva test.

American foreign policy certainly does need a sound moral base. But the trouble is that when the United States begins to gallop on its moral high horse, it rather quickly loses touch with the realities that other nations face, with problems that it might in fact be creating instead of solving, with other voices and interests, with common sense. Everything tends to become subordinated to the moral crusade of the moment. Countries and peoples and leaders are perforce divided into good guys and bad guys. Anybody who wants to reserve judgment and who declines to whoop it up with the moralists finds himself—like a speakeasy client during prohibition—beyond the pale.

Forget for a moment that Watergate and Vietnam are not all that far behind us and that we are far from being unanimous supporters of human rights in our own country. The New American Morality was on display recently in Belgrade, at the international conference convened to review implementation of the 1975 Helsinki agreements, in which European nations pledged cooperation in many fields—political, cultural, commercial, scientific, military, and humanitarian. President Carter's selection of Arthur J. Goldberg to head the American delegation was governed not by diplomatic considerations but by domestic political interests, which the President himself has done much to escalate. From the outset, the deliberations of the 35 nations at the conference were marked by a new "American politicalization" in the personality of Goldberg and in the instructions to and objectives of the American delegation.

Continued on page 10

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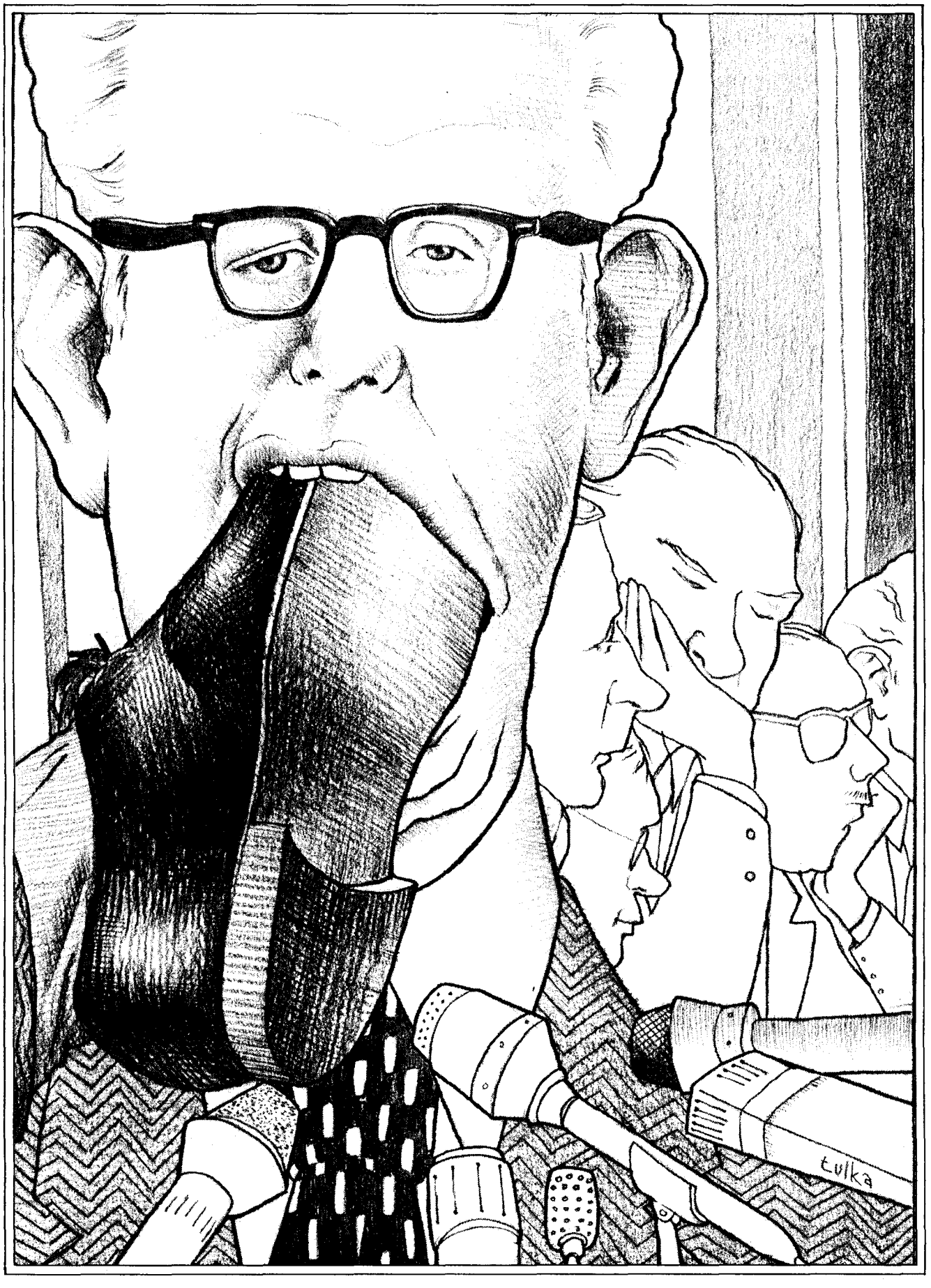

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"Goldberg's self-important manner is more appropriate to an AFL-CIO convention than to a conference of professional diplomats. His efforts at bonhomie with the head of the Soviet delegation were embarrassing."

Making America Look Foolish *from page 8*

Though the Helsinki agreements are pledged to humanitarianism, in fact, just two and a half pages of the 134 pages of the final accords are devoted to the improvement of human contacts. Instead of making a broad-gauged effort to pressure the Soviet Union into new commitments or undertakings within the Helsinki framework, the United States insisted that everything turn on the narrow focus of human rights.

It was a problem of diplomatic tactics, not principles. Except for the Russians and their allies, nobody was trying to duck the human rights issue. Everyone on the Western side agreed that there had to be an "intensive review" of the observance of Helsinki's humanitarian principles, and all of the opening statements from the Western delegations addressed this issue, some even more forcefully than Goldberg's remarks did.

That should have been no surprise. Western Europeans, not Americans, drove the hard bargains by which the 1975 Helsinki humanitarian commitments were extracted from the Soviets. During the years of arduous negotiations that led to these commitments, Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger had other things on his mind. He was both bored and irritated by arguments over reunification of families and the right of citizens of one country to marry those of another, issues he considered irrelevant to the mainstream of history. As a result, the United States played a low-key role in the actual Helsinki negotiations—frequently too low-key as far as Western Europeans were concerned. Then along came President Jimmy Carter, to discover what a noble achievement Helsinki's had been, and by the time the Belgrade meeting opened, American indifference had become American political enthusiasm, with Goldberg leading the charge.

The tactical question for the Westerners was how much mileage could be gotten out of a human rights debate at Belgrade, how far the debate could be pushed against the Soviets and the Communist bloc before it would become counterproductive. It was clear at the outset, to the Europeans at least, that once the Soviet Union had been forced to make unprecedented human rights commitments in the Helsinki accords, no diplomatic leverage would remain to force the Russians to give even more in Belgrade. Perhaps on other provisions of the final accords, but certainly not on human rights.

"I sometimes have the feeling," said one European diplomat rather gently, "that your Carter people mix up the problems of the American experience in the civil rights battle with the diplomatic problems of dealing with human rights on an international scale. It is not the same thing at all. Your struggle is internal, conducted under the laws and politics of democratic system, which can evolve. But when you publicl go after the Russians or the [other] Communist states o human rights, you are really attacking their whole politica system.

"I know that you don't see it that way. But the point is th *they* see it that way and refuse to see it any other way. There fore at a meeting like [the one at] Belgrade, of course [th Russians] are going to fight to the end and refuse to hav anything more to do with the subject. It was a diplomati miracle that we forced what we did out of them in th Helsinki agreements, but that was only because they wante some political concessions from the West and a big summi conference to wind it all up. Here they really don't wan anything except to get it over with and go home."

AT BELGRADE, Goldberg and the American dele gation adopted tactics that played straight int the Russians' hands. According to the rulin American political fixation, the conference had to produce statement of some kind on human rights, and if the Russian wouldn't agree to such a statement, it would be better t settle for nothing. What Goldberg never seemed to grasp was that "nothing" was just fine with the Russians. More over, the American position effectively denied the West an room to maneuver during the whole 20-week conference—leaving a residue of bitterness among the Europeans.

"We seem to have spent more time negotiating with Arthur Goldberg than negotiating with the Russians," said a member of one NATO delegation. Toward the end of the conference, for example, a special NATO drafting committee met to hammer out the text of a Belgrade declaration t present to the Russians. Naturally this meant whittling down the American position on human rights so the Russians could be handed a document that would at least serve as a basis for compromise. After 12 hours of continuous discussion, the text was completed and sent to the NATO capitals for approval. After the other NATO governments had given their consent, one of the ubiquitous White House human rights experts pronounced the text inadequate for American political purposes. He began making changes and inserts, and Goldberg dutifully reconvened the NATO caucus to demand new and stronger language. When it became clear that no NATO ambassador was prepared to go back t his government for further instructions on how to respond to the amendments, Goldberg finally conceded that "in the interests of Allied unity" he would insist no further. He was immediately given a round of applause—which he appears to have taken as a tribute to his statesmanship rather than as

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"Goldberg used his veto to hand the Russians a double victory. He wound up with nothing on human rights and nothing on the issues within the framework of détente. The final document became meaningless."

a simple reflex of relief on the part of his colleagues.

One might have expected the U.S. to accept the fact that rhetoric on human rights had reached its limit, that it was time to concentrate on extracting concessions in other areas covered by the Helsinki agreements, and that a tactical change was necessary. Goldberg, the State Department, and the White House apparently never contemplated such a change.

Well over 100 proposals were on the table at Belgrade, leaving plenty of room for diplomatic action outside the area of human rights. The U.S. could have said to the Russians and their allies, in effect: "Okay, you're fed up with hearing about human rights? What about making some improvements for businessmen, journalists, diplomats? What about stopping your jamming of radio broadcasts? What about admitting our newspapers, books, and magazines into the Soviet Union? What about opening cultural centers? What about giving us more accurate economic data, since you are always asking us for credits? These areas are all part of détente—what progress are you prepared to make here?"

Because nobody could get around the human rights roadblock, not one of those 100 and more proposals was acted on. When the nonaligned countries produced a mildly worded draft on human rights, it was not good enough for the United States. Next, the French offered a similarly mild draft; it too was not good enough. The American delegation wound up virtually doing the work of the Russians—brushing aside compromise proposals without waiting for the Russians to say no. When the Russians refused in the end to agree to any statement that included even the words "human rights," the Americans treated the conference like an overloaded bus with four flat tires. Under the Belgrade procedures, everybody had a veto. Goldberg used his veto to hand the Russians a double victory. He wound up with nothing on human rights and nothing, either, on the issues within the framework of détente. So the final Belgrade document became meaningless.

It is entirely possible that whatever the tactics, the final result would have been the same—a statement that did little more than record that 35 countries had met in Belgrade to review the Helsinki agreements and will meet again for the same purpose in Madrid, in November 1980. Maybe the Russians would have as readily said *nyet* to progress in other fields as they did in the area of human rights. But they were never seriously tested.

From a political standpoint, Goldberg was the ideal head of the American delegation. A former associate justice of the Supreme Court, an ambassador to the United Nations, and a man with lifelong ties to the labor movement, Goldberg took the heat off the White House; by his presence in Belgrade, he became a guarantee to America's clamoring minorities that human rights would get a full airing. The State Department tried its devious best to soften Goldberg's position by getting him together with W. Averell Harriman, the elder statesman of American diplomats. To the delight of the men at State, Goldberg subsequently outlined pretty much the same policy and approach to Belgrade that they knew Harriman would recommend. But when Goldberg took his place at the conference table, Harriman and reason were forgotten and the hard line reemerged.

Style as well as substance proved a problem with Goldberg. His self-important manner is more appropriate to an AFL-CIO convention than to a conference of professional diplomats. His efforts at bonhomie with "my good friend, the distinguished head of the Soviet delegation, Ambassador Vorontsov" were embarrassing. But Goldberg went home satisfied that he had fully discharged his instructions and met his obligations and that the conference had been a personal success. (Senator Henry M. Jackson scored a similar "success" in 1974, when he pushed through the Senate an amendment denying most-favored-nation trade treatment to the Soviet Union unless it changed its policies regarding Jewish emigration. As a result, Jewish emigration from Russia to Israel was slashed in half the following year. With victories like these, who needs to worry about defeats?)

"We intend to insist that the Soviet Union meet its obligations regarding human rights," said President Carter from the White House, after the Belgrade conference ended. "Its refusal to accept a comprehensive concluding document does not in any way diminish the success of the meeting." The head of the Swiss delegation, Rudolf Bindschedler, was more curt and realistic. He termed the conference "one percent success, ninety-nine percent failure."

Goldberg went home to Washington having put out a lot of talk for the record and having gained nothing in negotiations. Vorontsov went home to Moscow having given nothing away—and of the two, the Russian had more reason to be satisfied with the outcome.

By the time the nations meet again in Madrid, perhaps the United States will have rethought its basic objectives and interests. Perhaps by then the human rights issue will be handled in a way that neither dominates nor negates other important concerns. Perhaps the American delegation will be headed by someone who remembers Tallyrand's basic rule of diplomacy: "Above all, not too much zeal." ◉

Based in Paris, Don Cook is the European correspondent for the Los Angeles Times.

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WHY WE CAN'T AFFORD NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE

by Robert Claiborne

AFTER SEVERAL YEARS in suspended animation, national health insurance has again become a live political issue. The Carter administration wants it, or says it does. Some powerful people in Congress, including Senator Edward Kennedy, want it and are now dickering with the administration over the provisions of a new health insurance bill to be introduced later this year. And according to the polls, a majority of Americans want it.

Despite these powerful forces pushing for national health insurance, we won't get it this year for the practical reason that both the administration and the Congress have enough on their plates already. Whether we get it next year or in 1980, and in what form, depends on a lot of things; perhaps the most important of these is whether we can afford it.

The blunt truth is that we can't—unless and until we make some fundamental changes in our current system of delivering and paying for health care. That system, as I explained in an earlier article [*SR*, "The Great Health Care Rip-off," January 7], is organized in a way that encourages waste and penalizes efficiency, and 30 years of history have shown that the greater the funds available to finance the system, the greater the waste. Before we pump more tens of billions of dollars in federal money into health care, we need to plug the leaks that are already wasting tens of billions—thereby helping to push our national health bill from $140 billion in 1976 to some $165 billion this year to an estimated $200 billion in 1980.

The Carter administration has already proposed to control health costs by imposing "caps" on hospital spending—limiting spending to a specific percentage increase each year. Congress is cool toward this plan, preferring—for the present, at least—a similar but strictly voluntary plan proposed by the hospitals themselves.

Neither approach is likely to accomplish much, for two reasons. First, caps apply only to hospitals—though doctors' charges and many other items on our national health bill have been increasing almost as fast as hospital spending. Second, they would at best slow the rise in hospital costs when what is needed is to cut those costs. A more sophisticated version of the caps approach, called "prospective reimbursement," would cure some of these weaknesses but only at the price of enormous administrative complexity.

All these proposals, whatever their probable impact, amount to attempted quick fixes of the health cost problem, tantamount to treating a broken leg with a Band-Aid. Health costs are escalating primarily because our health care system is wasteful, squandering, in Senator Kennedy's words, "billions of dollars on unnecessary drugs, unnecessary hospitalization, unnecessary surgery, unnecessary technology." And it is wasteful because all the incentives built into it reward waste and discourage thrift. The various quick fixes would at best impose regulatory counterincentives on this chaotic system instead of changing the existing incentives. The result, if history is any guide, would be feeble regulation—and reams of bureaucratic paper work.

If what we need is not counterincentives but a new incentive system, how can we get it?

Proposals for restructuring the incentives in health care fall into two basic categories, depending on whether the incentives apply to consumers (patients and their families) or to providers (doctors, hospitals, and so forth). The consumer approach, favored by much of the health care establishment and by many conservative economists, involves making the patient pay more of the bill directly rather than through "third parties" (Blue Cross, commercial insurance companies, or government)—in effect, imposing a financial penalty every time a person visits a doctor or enters a hospital.

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The idea is economically valid, since years of experience have shown that the more people have to pay directly for health care, the less care—other things being equal—they demand (for instance, before Medicaid, poor people saw doctors less often than rich people did, though on the average the poor get sicker oftener). The problem is that the consumer approach would penalize necessary health services equally with unnecessary ones. Indeed, the sicker the patient—meaning the more services he or she would need and the greater the probable loss of income—the higher the penalty!

Looked at more closely, the consumer approach involves the kind of simpleminded analysis often indulged in by conservative economists: Since the growth of third-party payments has encouraged waste, this analysis argues, cutting back on these payments will cut waste. The logic is impeccable—but the premise is faulty. Third-party payments have indeed encouraged waste within the dominant American system of delivering health care; in other systems, as we shall see in a moment, they have done precisely the reverse.

In the dreamworld of the economists, the purchase of health care is exactly like the purchase of any other commodity: the result of consumer decisions; in the real world, health care decisions are overwhelmingly made not by consumers but by doctors. If we want to establish incentives for less wasteful decisions, the obvious place to apply them is to the decision makers.

One way of giving doctors incentives to curb waste would be through the legendary Chinese system, whereby a doctor was paid only so long as his patient stayed well. A modern, and by no means legendary, version of this approach is currently used by groups looking after the health needs of some seven million Americans. These groups are sometimes—and inaccurately—called health maintenance organizations (HMOs). The 175 HMOs now in operation cannot of course do much to "maintain" their members' health—in other words, keep them from getting sick. What they can do is supply high-quality care at low cost through comprehensive, prepaid medical plans.

A good example of an HMO is the Group Health Cooperative (GHC) of Puget Sound, which serves more than one sixth of the population in the Seattle region of Washington. GHC owns a 300-bed hospital and recently opened a second, smaller one; other services are delivered through nine neighborhood health centers staffed by salaried doctors, nurses, and technicians. All these facilities are owned and controlled by GHC consumer members.

For some 31 years, GHC has supplied its members with medical, hospital, laboratory, and X-ray services—plus most prescription drugs—at between 60 percent and 65 percent of what the rest of us spend per person for these services. The secret of this achievement is almost childishly simple: GHC members pay a flat monthly fee regardless of how much health care they use. Since the organization must work within a fixed budget, it has the most obvious incentive to make sure that subscribers get only such services as they need, delivered in the least costly way—notably, outside the hospital if at all possible. In fact, GHC members average only a little over one third as much hospitalization as the average American does. Nor do the economies stop there: Though GHC delivers a much higher than average proportion of its services outside the hospital, the cost per patient is no greater than the national average.

An obvious question is whether GHC in its zeal to cut costs is not cutting necessary services along with unneces-

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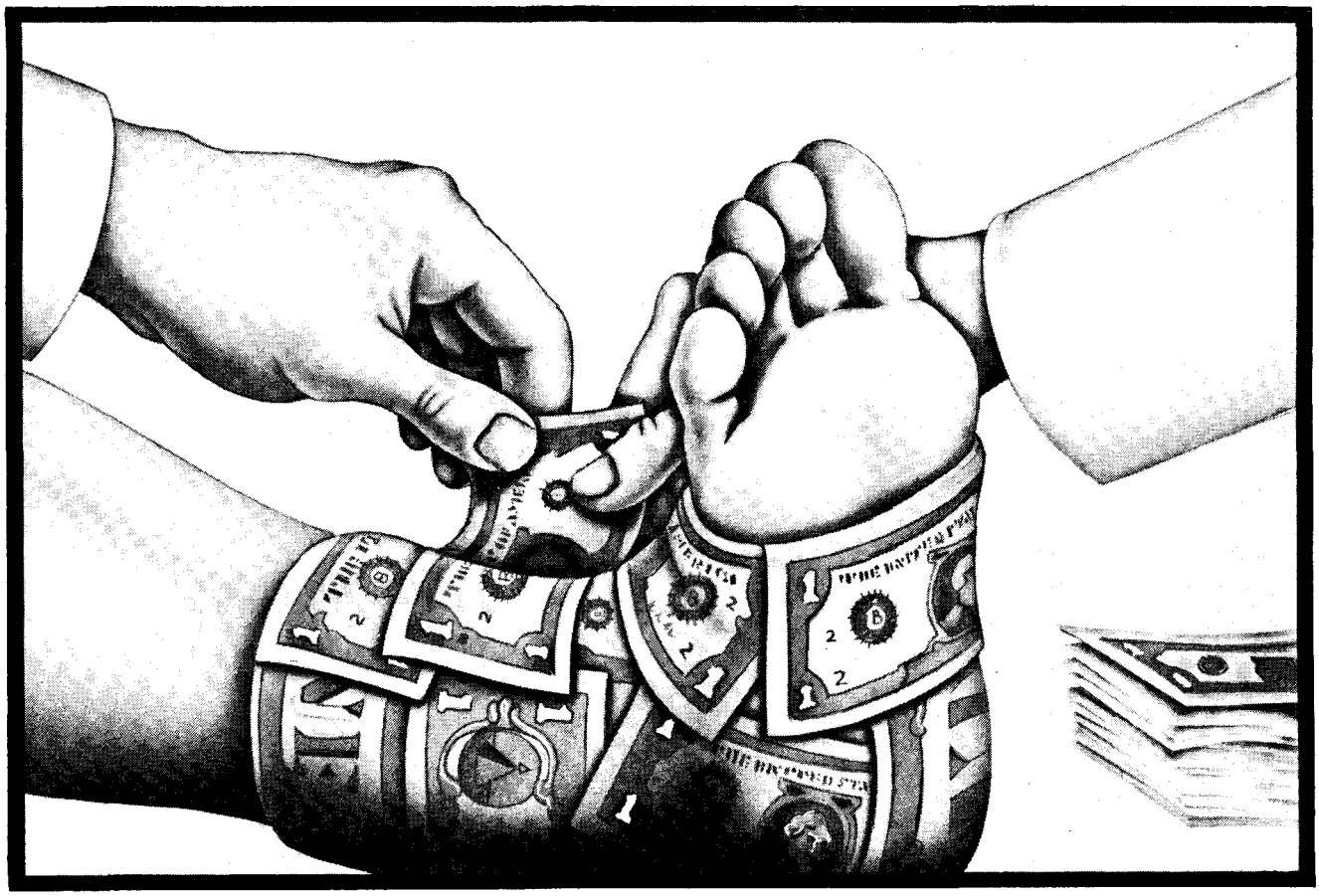

Philip Slogher

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National Health Insurance *from page 13*
sary ones, thereby providing inferior care. The most obvious answer is that it has more than doubled its membership in the past 10 years; it must be doing something right. No less important is the fact that the group's board of trustees is elected from and by the membership—and can be thrown out by them if they are dissatisfied.

Also worth noting is the fact that GHC members are subject to almost no "consumer incentives": Apart from comparatively small charges for obstetrical services, they pay no extras regardless of how much care they get. Yet they see their doctor no oftener than the average American does and (as we have seen) go into the hospital a lot less. If penalizing the patient is what it takes to lower health costs, GHC's costs should be among the highest in the nation; in fact, they are among the lowest.

GHC itself concedes that its record of cost containment cannot quite be equaled on a national basis because the average age of its members is somewhat below that of Americans in general, and older people require more health care than do the young. Nonetheless, if GHC can deliver quality care for 30 percent to 35 percent less than the national average, the widespread application of its cost-efficient incentive system could cut our personal health expenditures by 25 percent to 30 percent. In 1977, this would have saved us a minimum of $25 billion—over $450 for the average family. Think about that the next time you pay a doctor's bill—or your income tax!

NOT ALL HMOs are as cost efficient as GHC is. As one might expect, those that own their own hospital run more economically than those that must buy hospital services on the open market. However, few if any HMOs fail to deliver health care for substantially less than other systems in their area. Which raises the obvious question: Why aren't there more HMOs?

The answer, like most answers in the health care field, is long and complicated. At their beginning in the 1930s and 1940s, HMOs faced bitter opposition from the American Medical Association (AMA), which denounced them as un-American and worse. It refused membership to HMO doctors (meaning that in some states they could not be licensed) and encouraged its members to deny them "hospital privileges"—the rather basic "privilege" of getting patients admitted to a hospital. Only after several lawsuits (one was carried to the Supreme Court) did AMA stop this blacklisting.

Another major share of the blame falls on Blue Cross. Its longtime policy of in effect subsidizing hospital inefficiency (a policy subsequently taken over by Medicare and Medicaid) partly nullified the HMOs' competitive advantage. Moreover, both Blue Cross and the commercial health insurance companies tended to regard HMOs as competitors for the health care dollar.

If HMOs have suffered from their enemies and competitors, they have also suffered from their "friends": notably, former governor Ronald Reagan, of California. In the early 1970s, Reagan, with much fanfare, encouraged the formation of Prepaid Health Plans (PHPs)—HMO-like organizations whose purpose was to deliver health services to the poor. PHPs, he said, would cut the cost of California's Medicaid program (called Medi-Cal) by at least 10 percent. In fact, like many other programs allegedly designed to benefit the poor, PHPs turned out to benefit mainly the people handing out the benefits.

One of the biggest PHPs was Consolidated Medical Systems, Ltd. (CMS), headed by one Donald K. Kelly, M.D. Like GHC and most other HMOs, it was set up as a nonprofit corporation, but there the resemblance ended. It was not owned or even controlled by its subscribers but by another corporation, HMO International—which was by no means nonprofit. Oddly enough, HMO International was also headed by Dr. Kelly.

As things turned out, there was little that was medical about Consolidated Medical Systems. Its "system" consisted of buying medical and other services from corporations that operated under half a dozen different names but that had a strong family resemblance: None was nonprofit and every one was 100 percent owned or controlled by CMS's "godfather" corporation, HMO International—meaning, by Dr. Kelly and his friends.

CMS signed up Medi-Cal patients—those who looked relatively healthy, that is—by methods that the district attorney of San Diego later called "false, deceptive, and misleading." Its door-to-door salesmen—some dressed in white coats—promised 24-hour service, free transportation to health centers, and other goodies.

Measured against these golden promises, CMS's performance turned out to look remarkably like a goldbrick. A 1972 report by a group of labor-health consultants found the qualifications of its doctors well below average and gave the same verdict on the hospitals it patronized (all profit-making, of course). CMS patients got less than half as much hospitalization as did members of established—and efficient—HMOs.

Eventually, of course, the facts about CMS and other PHPs began hitting the fan through reports by the press. Investigations by the state revealed, among other things, that the 15 largest PHPs were spending less than half their income on patient care (established HMOs average 90 percent to 95 percent). By 1976, more than half the PHPs had vanished, among them CMS, whose assets were taken over by HMO International. The latter is still in the health care business—so far as the public record goes, competently—though without the help of the ingenious Dr. Kelly, who is now merely a stockholder.

California's catastrophic venture into HMO-type medical care was naturally cited by some commentators as evidence that HMOs don't work. In fact, the rip-offs occurred not through any basic weakness in the HMO concept but because Reagan and Company let them happen: The PHPs got away with their perhaps legal swindles because Reagan was busy with his own political swindle—"saving the taxpayers' money." As the old-time con men used to say, you can't cheat an honest man.

The next attempt to encourage HMOs turned out to be as abortive in its own way as the PHP program was. In 1973, the Nixon administration sponsored a bill providing various advantages, including federal loans and grants for start-up money, to "approved" HMOs. The result, according to administration press releases, would be hundreds of new HMOs and billions of tax dollars saved. As finally passed however, the bill reflected the common liberal desire to do everything for everybody, with the result—probably foreseen by those conservatives who supported it—that very little was done for anybody.

To become approved, HMOs were required to offer far more elaborate—and expensive—benefits than existing insurance plans did, meaning that few people could afford them. Even worse, HMOs had to enroll everyone who applied at the same rate. On the face of it, that seemed only fair, but what it meant in practice was that approved HMOs could find their rolls swamped by the elderly and the chronically ill, who could get ordinary health insurance only at prohibitive rates. To accept such people at the same rate as

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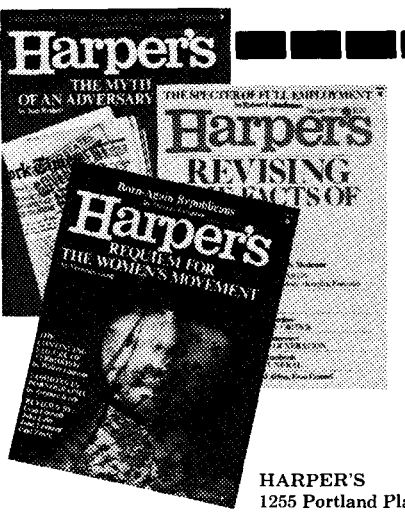

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"Costs are escalating because our health care system is wasteful, squandering, in Senator Kennedy's words, 'billions of dollars on unnecessary drugs, unnecessary hospitalization, unnecessary technology.'"

National Health Insurance *from page 14*

everyone else would mean either bankruptcy or an overall rise in rates that would drive out younger and healthier subscribers. Not surprisingly, few HMOs bothered to seek approval under the law, and efforts to rewrite it more realistically stalled as the administration's interest turned increasingly from saving the nation to saving its own neck. Only in 1976 did Congress remove most of the law's Catch-22s.

Despite the best—or worst—efforts of both friends and enemies however, HMOs have continued to grow and multiply. They have demonstrated that with a proper incentive system, cost-efficient health care is possible, and in some communities they have served as incentives for increased cost-consciousness by other providers. Thus, doctors threatened by HMO competition have begun forming "medical foundations," in which a network of individual doctors and hospitals offer comprehensive care at a flat annual fee, as HMOs do, and Blue Cross has become involved with HMO-type plans in some communities.

Increasingly, HMOs are looking like an idea whose time has come—but for all that, they aren't going to come overnight. Many doctors dislike them—partly because of AMA indoctrination and partly because the doctors believe they can make more money in private practice. HMO doctors are well paid and also enjoy fringe benefits that other doctors do not, but they still don't make the kind of money that some private practitioners do.

Nor do all consumers take readily to HMO medicine. HMOs are efficient partly because they consolidate their operations in neighborhood health centers. In one sense, this can be a plus for the patient, since it means one-stop medicine, with no need to make extra trips for X rays or lab tests. However, until an HMO has been operating for some time, it can hardly afford to set up more than one or two centers—meaning that some subscribers face a fairly lengthy trip to the doctor. Some consumers also dislike the fact that their subscription covers only HMO doctors; should they choose to consult an outside physician, the fee comes out of their own pockets.

Unfortunately but inescapably, health care, like any other area of economic life, involves trade-offs. If we want to spend less money on gasoline, we have got to drive smaller cars and drive them slower; if we want to spend less on health care, we have got to accept the limitations and occasional inconvenience that cost-efficient medicine entails. No health care system can give everybody everything; there isn't that much money in the world.

If we consumers—who ultimately pay for the health care system—must accept trade-offs if we hope to pay less, then the third parties who hand out our money have got to make trade-offs of their own: specifically, to quit subsidizing wasteful providers. This means not just Blue Cross-Blue Shield and the commercial insurance companies but also the federal government's Medicare-Medicaid. All of these have tended to reimburse providers for whatever they spend, wasteful or not. Moreover, the Medicare-Medicaid reimbursement formulas, thanks to conservative pressure and bureaucratic foot dragging, have made it difficult and sometimes impossible for cost-efficient providers to accept patients under these plans. In 1970, for example, Medicare in Seattle paid GHC only $202 a year per patient; to other providers it paid an average of $356.

As regards Blue Cross-Blue Shield, an important step toward ending their subsidization of waste would be to eliminate conflict of interest in their operations by removing providers of health care from their local boards of directors. Government now has no power to do this directly, but since its payments to the Blues, as disbursing agents for Medicare-Medicaid, account for something like half their total revenue, it has powerful leverage if it cares to use it. The Blues could be told flatly that if they want to continue as channels for disbursing tax money, they have got to clean up their act—by cutting their ties to those who receive the money.

GIVEN A FIRM STAND by government, both the Blues and the commercial insurance companies would become more receptive toward supporting cost-effective medicine, both through HMOs and through other less structured plans. Proposals along the latter line mostly involve a special type of what life insurance people call "experience rating"—a principle that is probably as old as insurance. Experience rating is the reason it costs less to buy life insurance at age thirty than at age fifty: Experience shows that people of thirty are likely to live longer.

Insurance companies have long used experience rating in setting premiums for group health policies, basing their figures on the expected medical needs of the particular group rather than on the average costs for the community or nation. Dr. Paul M. Ellwood, Jr., a Minnesota health-systems consultant who has long plugged for cost-efficient medicine, is among those who have proposed applying experience rating not just to health care consumers but to health care providers as well.

As Ellwood explains it, doctors and hospitals in a community would be rated by what they charged for a given service and by how effectively they avoided unnecessary services. Based on their efficiency, they would be grouped into "alliances." Insurance companies (including the Blues) could then vary their premiums or benefits according to which alliance policyholders selected. Those who chose to patronize an alliance of proved efficiency would pay less, or get more, than those who selected other providers. It would be something like the Chinese restaurant menu in which you can pick "three from Group B or two from Group A." The Group B selections are of course less fancy than the Group A ones—but no less nourishing.

Complementing Ellwood's plan for the private sector, Professor Alain Enthoven, a Stanford management expert, has proposed a somewhat similar plan for the public sector—Medicare-Medicaid (and, in principle, national health insurance). Under his Consumer Choice Health Plan, government would continue to pay the health costs of the elderly and the poor, as at present—but only up to a certain level. The figure would be set according to the age of the individual and the cost of efficient care in his or her community, as provided by one or more qualified health plans—HMOs, medical foundations, alliances, or whatever. Patients who chose an efficient plan would have their expenses covered 100 percent (Medicaid) or 80 percent (Medicare); those who chose to patronize less efficient plans would have to pay any additional costs themselves.

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"Measured by results—maintaining or restoring the health of the American people—our health care system is by no means the best in the world or even one of the best."

Thus both the Ellwood and the Enthoven plans would involve consumer incentives—but with a difference: Patients would not be penalized for using health services as such but only for using inefficient providers of those services. At the same time, providers would be given a strong incentive to improve efficiency, since those who did not would tend to lose patients to those who did.

By no coincidence, both these plans have important resemblances to traditional HMOs: what amounts to a flat annual fee (in the form of an insurance premium or a government subsidy) and certain limitations on the patient's freedom of choice among doctors and hospitals. Both in short involve the kinds of trade-offs that the HMO experience has shown to be required for cost-efficient care, at least under anything remotely like our present system. The only alternative would be a national health service such as exists in Sweden or Great Britain—and the chances of such a system being adopted during this century are remote.

Whether the Ellwood and Enthoven plans would work as well in practice as they seem to work on paper remains to be seen. But their basic principle—giving both consumers and providers incentives to use or provide more efficient health care—unquestionably makes sense.

Whether these plans, or something like them, will actually be written into law—specifically a national health insurance law—also remains to be seen. Since many doctors and hospitals have done very well for themselves under the present wasteful system, they will certainly try to block any major change in it—and both groups have considerable clout in national and state legislatures. Health care consumers by contrast are mostly unorganized and therefore politically feeble. However, there are signs that some other politically powerful groups are beginning to get into the act—on the consumers' side. These are some of the big labor unions—whose leaders recognize that more money spent for health benefits means less available for wages and pensions—and some big corporations—who are concerned about their constantly rising contributions to employee health plans. A real political push from these groups would markedly improve the prospects for meaningful reorganization of our present health care system.

Added support for effective cost control may come from the commercial health insurance companies themselves. Concerned that national health insurance might squeeze them out entirely, these companies are beginning to recognize that their best chance of avoiding a squeeze out involves taking visible and effective steps to curb costs. Industry spokesmen say that they now favor Ellwood's plan of applying experience rating to providers—but are leery of implementing it because of possible antitrust action by the government. The Justice Department, they claim, considers that concerted industry action to reduce health premiums would be just as much a "restraint of trade" as a similar action to raise premiums—which if true suggests that the department needs a lesson in elementary economics. Probably the simplest way of resolving the difficulty would be for the industry to publicly ask both the Justice Department and the Congress for permission to use experience rating in this way; even if Justice said no, Congress would almost certainly say yes.

Given the present lineup of forces, the balance may well be swung by two other factors. The first factor is whether Congress and the Carter administration can really get their heads together on the kind of rational approach to cost control we have been discussing. The second is how effectively informed, though unorganized, citizens can turn the heat on their representatives: In a close fight, such pressure could well make the difference.

Restructuring incentives in health care is the first and most essential step toward curbing health costs but by no means the last. The next and most obvious one is cutting down on unnecessary hospitalization and surgery, as the HMOs have already demonstrated can be done. Beyond this are other methods hitherto employed only experimentally in a few places. These include treating some seriously ill patients at home—which in individual cases is as safe as treating them in hospitals, and a lot cheaper. Another step is training groups of chronically ill patients (especially elderly ones) to help care for one another instead of relying entirely on paid professionals. Experiments have shown that this system not only cuts costs but also improves patients' morale by making them feel less dependent.

Over the longer run, curbing health costs means cleaning up the environment, since pollution is not merely unattractive but usually unhealthy as well. A concerted effort to abolish this source of disease would be expensive—but probably cheaper than our present policy of letting diseases develop and then spending billions of dollars to treat them. (It is worth recalling that the single most effective health program in history involved not treatment but prevention: providing the sanitary water and sewage systems that ended such plagues as typhoid and cholera.) Another kind of prevention would involve changing our personal life-styles, which obviously can affect our health (through overeating, overdrinking, and smoking). Yet another would involve the problem of poverty, which throughout history has been—and remains—a fertile source of disease.

Central to any of these measures, however, are two changes in human thinking. The first is for all Americans to recognize that whoever ostensibly pays for health care, *we* have to foot the bill—through higher prices, higher insurance premiums, and higher taxes. No less important is the recognition by both doctors and patients that bigger isn't necessarily better and may well be worse. Measured by its plant and equipment, the American health care system is the most technologically profligate in the world. Measured by its hospital admissions, surgical operations, and laboratory tests, it is probably the busiest in the world—and it is unquestionably the costliest in the world. But measured by results—maintaining or restoring the health of the American people—it is by no means the best in the world or even one of the best.

It could be. But to change "could be" to "is" will require some deep thinking by all of us on what health means and on how best to get and keep it. And that, as the man said, is another story. ◉

Robert Claiborne has been writing about science and medicine for over 20 years. His books include God or Beast: Evolution and Human Nature. *He is currently working on* The High Cost of Health—And What to Do About It, *from which this article has been adapted.*

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PRIVATE VS. PUBLIC COLLEGES

The Scramble for Students and Money

by Gene I. Maeroff

THE RISING TIDE OF BITTERNESS between public colleges and private colleges competing for money, students, and goodwill is threatening to overflow the banks of academic decorum. Half the private college presidents surveyed recently by the Carnegie Council on Policy Studies in Higher Education said either that hostility is increasing or that friendliness is decreasing in their contacts with counterparts at public institutions. The publics have the legislatures to yank them out of danger and to lift them to high ground. But for the privates, lacking the assurance of public largess, survival is much less certain.

Indeed, in less than two decades, 201 institutions of higher education have closed—all but 36 of them private institutions. The struggle for survival has taken its greatest toll among small women's colleges, particularly those under Roman Catholic auspices. Surviving institutions too have paid a price. The Carnegie Council found in a survey that almost one quarter of the nation's private institutions have had to slash their costs in a way that has "adversely affected their educational programs, their ability to attract students, or their capacity to retain them."

The flood of sour relations between the public and the private sectors of higher education could not have come at a worse time for either side. Colleges and universities of all kinds face a highly uncertain future. No longer will there be an endless supply of graduates pouring out of the nation's high schools. The number of high school diplomas granted will peak this year at 3,160,000, according to the National Center for Educational Statistics. The total will keep falling throughout the 1980s, and by the time the trend bottoms out, there will be 460,000 fewer young people coming out of the high schools each year. In the future, cutthroat competition for college students will make today's recruiting jousts look like fraternity rush parties.

There will also be a bitter fight for funds, and many of the battlefields are bound to be in state capitals. The private colleges and universities will try to lengthen the inroads they have made in convincing lawmakers to cut them in on a slice of the pie formerly served to public institutions only. Some 43 states now have programs of direct or indirect assistance to private colleges and universities. To many of the public institutions' officials, the aid to the privates is coming at the publics' expense.

Acknowledging this concern, the Carnegie Council asserted in a recent report that "there is a danger that support for private institutions could injure public institutions." The report talks of the public and the private sectors being pitted against each other in "a quick and brutal confrontation."

An example of the problem is found in New York State, where a proposal for a $300 increase in the Tuition Assistance Program (taking the maximum grant from $1,500 to $1,800) has brought cries of outrage from partisans of public institutions. These people claim that only the privates charge tuitions high enough for their students to receive any benefit from the increase. Both the public and the private lobbyists spent the gloomy Albany winter buttonholing legislators in the stairwells of the state's ornate capitol, arguing the merits of their positions.

In neighboring New Jersey, spokesmen for the public colleges and universities moved quickly to condemn a citizens' commission recommendation that called for boosting aid to students to allow them to choose more freely between the public sector and the more expensive private institutions. "A consumerist point of view gone mad" was how the idea was described by Edward J. Bloustein, president of Rutgers University, New Jersey's principal state-sponsored institution of higher education. The political clout of the public sector has all but killed the study commission's package of suggestions.

In Tennessee, a spokesman for the private sector proposed (unsuccessfully) that the legislature increase tuition for students at public institutions by $100 per year to finance a fund for student aid at private colleges and universities. In Louisiana, a group including some professors at public institutions sued (unsuccessfully) to block implementation of an aid program for students at private institutions. And so it goes.

"Relations are horrendous in our state," says William Spencer, president of the Lindenwood Colleges, near St.

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Louis, as well as of the Independent Colleges and Universities of Missouri. "I can't get the public sector to talk with us about the issues." Indicative of the level of competition in Missouri is the fact that the privates enroll 26 percent of the students, a proportion exceeded by private institutions in only nine other states. (Less than 15 years ago, however, Missouri's privates had 44 percent of the students.)

For their part, proponents of the public colleges and universities in the Show Me State think that Missouri is already doing a great deal for the privates, providing their students with almost $5 million in direct grants that are distributed to 15 percent of the Missouri residents in the state's private institutions. The average grant is $750 per student. Nevertheless, Missouri's eligible private colleges and universities must labor under the disadvantage of tuitions that are on the average $1,500 higher per year than those in its public institutions—a rather typical problem in states where a large and well-established private sector competes against public institutions.

Some of the conflicts are more subtle. Like the new boy on the block, the public sector is trespassing on turf that the private colleges and universities long ago staked out for themselves: the area of corporate and foundation philanthropies. Public institutions are starting to look for donations too, exacerbating the widespread feeling in the private sector that state-subsidized colleges and universities ought to keep their hands out of private pockets. The Council of Independent Colleges, in Virginia, went so far as to seek legislation restricting the fund-raising capacity of the public sector; the attempt was unsuccessful.

PERHAPS THE MAJOR ARENA of confrontation is developing in Washington, D.C., where a fight is now raging over the manner in which the federal government should boost its support for higher education. The notion of a flat tuition tax credit that would permit taxpayers to deduct a set amount from their income tax payments is anathema to most private educators, who complain that the approach is not sensitive to the higher tuitions in the private sector.

The so-called tuition gap is at the root of the conflict. On the average, tuition per year for students at four-year universities is $741 in the public sector and $3,403 in the private sector. Some privates charge as much as $3,000 more than the average. What accounts for the gap, of course, is the subsidy that the public institutions get from the state. On the average, the publics depend on tuition to cover only 20 percent of their costs, while the privates' tuition must cover 60 percent of their costs.

Some private sector spokesmen have suggested that matters would be more equitable if the public colleges and universities charged higher tuitions. In 1973, the Committee for Economic Development (CED) called on the public institutions to double and triple their tuitions to levels that would cover 50 percent of the cost of instruction. Such an idea was (and is) looked upon by officials of public institutions as roughly akin to asking that the chicken coop be burned down to protect the hens from the fox.

"The views of a few multibillion-dollar corporations and affluent private universities" was the way that the CED proposal was seen by Allan W. Ostar, executive director of the American Association of State Colleges and Universities. The fiery Ostar, who calls himself "a one-man truth squad," is a chief protagonist on the national stage in the public-private drama.

John D. Phillips, his counterpart at the National Association of Independent Colleges and Universities, worries that legislators are going to be even less receptive to giving state aid to private institutions than they have been in the past. The publics expanded rapidly during the heady Sixties, when the "edifice complex" led to academic empire building. As a result, the nation's campuses are dotted with facilities that are seriously underutilized in this period of declining enrollments. Will a state senator in, say, Wisconsin be able to justify giving public funds to private colleges while the state's own university is caught in a financial squeeze?

Clearly, the task of the private sector is to convince a citizenry with a huge investment in state-owned institutions that it is in the public interest to divert some of the subsidization into the private colleges and universities. John R. Silber, president of Boston University, one of the nation's largest private institutions, argues that all talk of "public" and "private" colleges should be abandoned. Instead, Silber would have people speak of "state" and "independent" institutions. "Both sectors educate the public; both are public education," Silber testified to the General Court of Massachusetts. "They are differentiated only by the mechanism each uses to pay the costs."

There is perhaps one small segment of higher education that remains largely aloof from the struggle. It is comprised of institutions for which the designation "public" or "private" is almost irrelevant. Who, for example, draws much of a distinction between Harvard and Berkeley, Stanford and Michigan, Chicago and North Carolina? These institutions and some others are among the nation's great research universities, leaning heavily on public funds.

The remaining private institutions can make no such comparable claim to research, but they can point to the $5 billion that the Carnegie Council says they save the taxpayers by educating students who would otherwise be in public colleges and universities. Private institutions measure their worth in more than money however. They claim to provide students with a personal touch that is less frequently found in the public sector, where institutions usually are larger, thus maintaining that their viability means the preservation of diversity in higher education. The privates' spokesmen contend that freedom of choice is at stake in their survival. As distinctions blur between the different curricula and the student bodies, that argument grows steadily weaker.

As it is, the competition for students has driven educational institutions, particularly private colleges and universities, to the precipice of hucksterism. They shamelessly promote their wares like tubes of toothpaste or packages of cigarettes. Is this the priceless diversity that is really essential to preserve? But for all their glossy brochures and slickly designed advertisements, private colleges do not bother telling their prospects that selectivity has gone the way of the Edsel and that the majority of institutions will enroll any warm body with a high school diploma and with enough of the old man's money to pay the tariff.

This then is the nadir to which the level of competition has descended, as the privates fight to sell what the publics peddle at discount prices. Yes, the Ivies and probably fewer than 100 other institutions have the prestige to continue to turn down applicants in large numbers. But for the rest, day-to-day survival will not permit the luxury of much selectivity.

Where will it end? Will Wyoming be the paradigm of tranquillity? Alone among the states, it has peace in higher education. No bickering between institutions. No fights for funds and students. But are the other states willing to pay the price? Wyoming has not a single private four-year college or university within its 97,194 square miles. That is one way to solve the dispute. ◉

Gene I. Maeroff is the national education correspondent for The New York Times.

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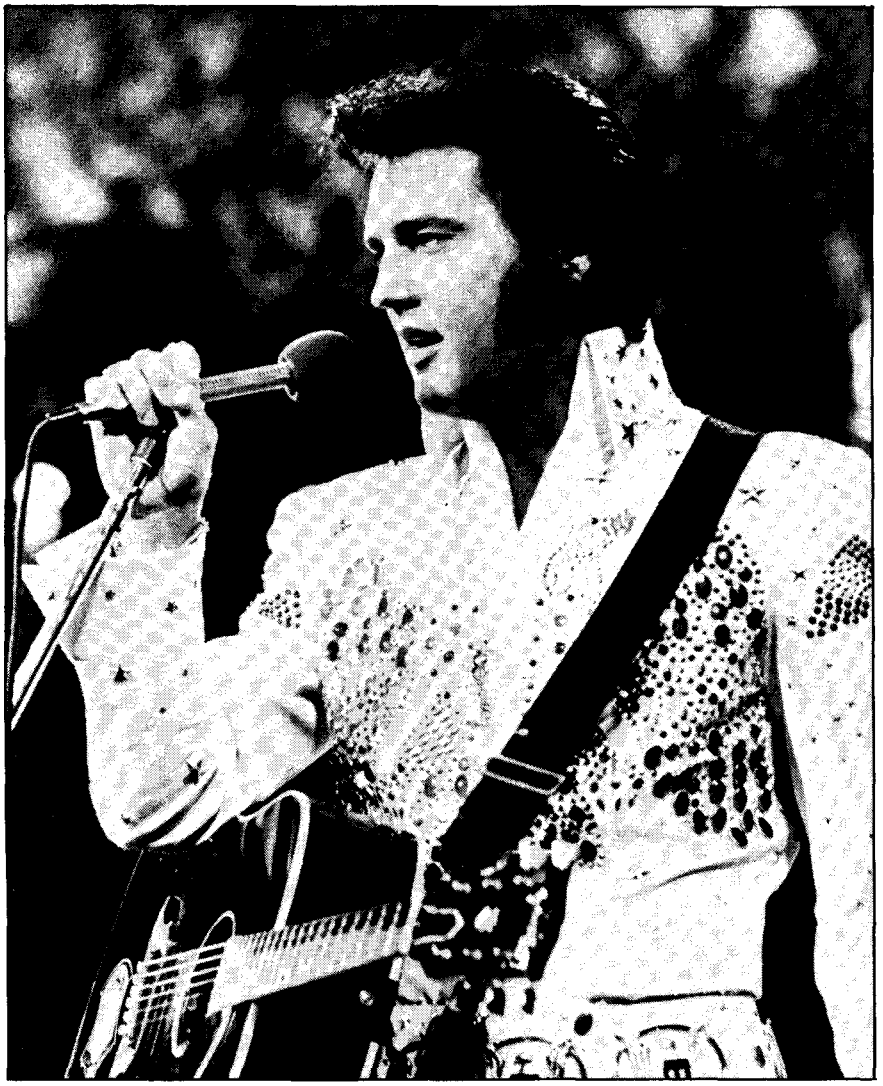
NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD

Cashing in on Rock and Roll Heaven

by Barney Cohen



The real Elvis—"The subtle, pouting power that made him a truly unique talent."

IN CASE YOU hadn't noticed, there is a growing number of dead people on Broadway, and owing to a case of contagious necrophilia—or something very like it—they are among the hottest tickets in town.

At the Palace, Rick Saucedo is re-creating the late and generally lamented Elvis Presley in a show called *Elvis the Legend Lives*. Up the street, the Winter Garden Theatre has *Beatlemania*, in which four young men who look more like the Beatles than, say, Zubin Mehta, sing Beatles oldies in a rough approximation of the Liverpudlian accents of John, Paul, George, and Ringo. The show celebrates its first anniversary on Broadway this week, with no end in sight. The Beatles, of course, are not actually dead (despite a short-lived flurry of hysteria concerning Mr. McCartney a while ago), but as they are no longer performing as a group, their reincarnation onstage constitutes an entertainment package similar indeed to *Elvis Lives*. And other shows are picking up the pattern. Last month, in a one-night-only performance, Little Scottie re-created the late Otis Redding—one of the first "soul" superstars—in a show called *Otismania*. If the two performances that night were a test, the grade was "Sold Out." Both performances. Can a tidal wave of "dead rock" be far behind?

Elvis, Otis, and the Beatles are simulated live performances. In Hollywood, a different but obviously related form of the phenomenon has produced *American Hot Wax*, about the late Alan

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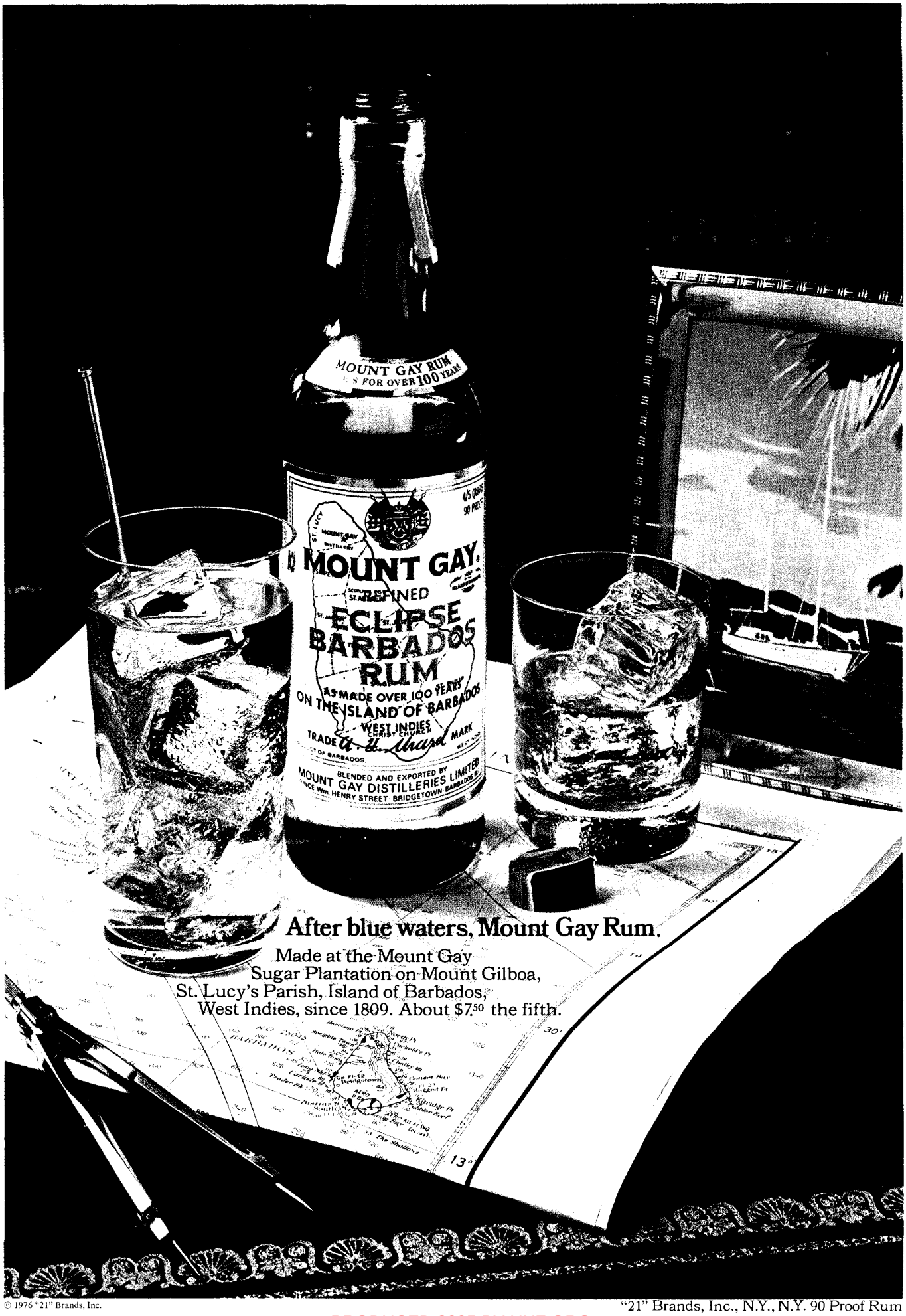

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"21" Brands, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. 90 Proof Rum

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© "21" Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

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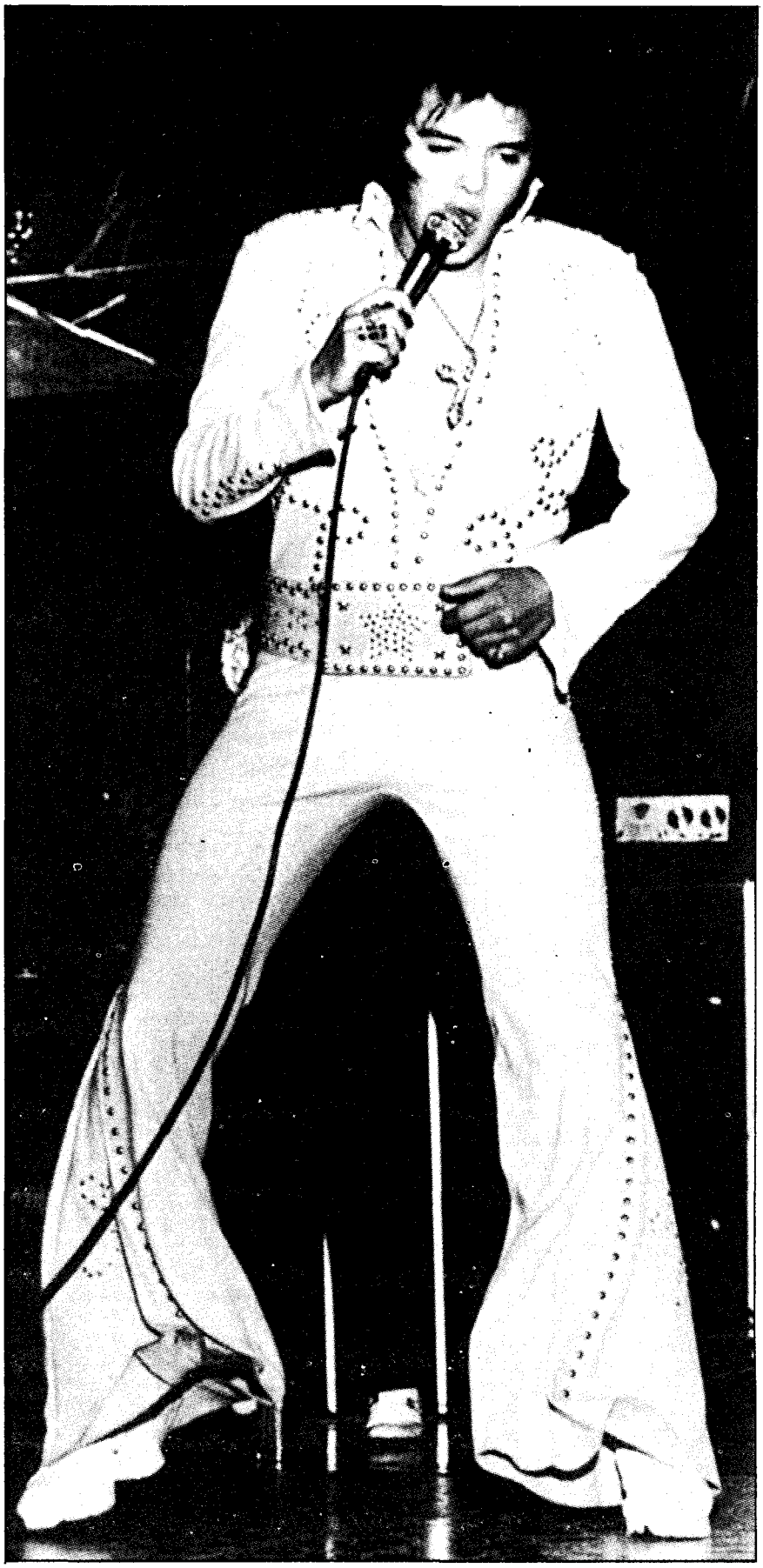
Freed, a driving force in the early days of rock and roll; Bette Midler in *The Rose*, which claims—but only for legal purposes—not to be the story of the overdosed Janis Joplin; and *The Buddy Holly Story*, about the life of this seminal rock and roll writer-performer who died in a plane crash—folk legend now—that also took the lives of singers Richie Valens and "The Big Bopper." The *Holly* script, which is excellent, kicked around Hollywood for several years before rock necrophilia generated dead rock and turned *Holly* into a hot property.

With the dear departed stirring up so much excitement and dollars, it is no wonder that producers are casting their eyes upward to rock and roll heaven. Are we to expect resurrections of the Hendrixes, the Croces, and the Lynyrd Skynyrds? Are we to expect *a trend*?

Mike Sigman, of *Record World Magazine*, the trade bible of the recording industry, says, "The leap in sales after [Elvis's] death is the single most extraordinary thing I've seen in all my years in the business, but," he cautions those who would run out and invest, "the 'most extraordinary thing' in this business happens about every six days." For a fact though, Elvis Presley's untimely demise meant $135 million in RCA record sales alone. Then there is all the merchandising money (from posters, paraphernalia, memorabilia) and the shows featuring the re-creations of Elvis—of which there are a dozen or more.

The main event of course,for both the dead rock industry and the Elvis industry within it, is *Elvis the Legend Lives*. Though the show was underfinanced, slapped together, and is in many ways only semiprofessional and though it has had little or no advertising, the excitement generated by the concept has people lighting up the box office switchboard, and the Palace's receipts have risen from between $20,000 and $30,000 weekly to a very respectable $50,000.

The crowds seem satisfied with what they see. There is some nervous laughter at first as the rear-screen projectors begin the show with images of Presley as a boy. But it subsides as a small combo reprises the history of music "before Presley," in two minutes. Then the Elvis Presley Tribute Orchestra trumpets the fanfare from the "Theme from 2001." The screens flash, "The King is coming!" Squeals, yelps, sobs, and flashbulbs erupt from the audience. There is a moment of almost religious intensity, and out comes the King—or his unreasonable facsimile, Rick Saucedo, vined in a late-Elvis cow-



Rick Saucedo—"Out comes the King—or his unreasonable facsimile."

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Wide World Photos

Janis Joplin in life and Bette Midler in The Rose—*"Which claims (for legal purposes) not to be the story of the overdosed Janis."*

boy fantasy outfit.

"C. C. Rider" may not be the best opening number because the crowd, for a long, uncomfortable moment, seems half caught between the willing suspension of disbelief and the sinking feeling that they have been suckered out of $27 for a pair of tickets. But a few moments later, when Saucedo does "Don't Be Cruel," one of Presley's most famous songs (and one of Saucedo's best Presley impressions), he wins them back. When he sings the ballad "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" with the screens flashing pictures of Presley's wedding, people begin to cry. And when he restages Elvis's *Ed Sullivan Show* appearance (a TV ratings record at that time), complete with the lower-body gyrations that Sullivan's cameras modestly omitted, nearly everyone is popeyed stunned.

Setting aside for the moment the artistic considerations, let us first set Saucedo and the show in their proper perspective and hand out what credit is due. No doubt about it, Saucedo captures the feeling—more of the era than of Presley himself, but why quibble?

The show is folk history rather than concert; it is a psychic rather than a musical experience. With the mood heightened by Ray Walker and the Jordanaires—the group that backed up Presley for 16 years and that is now backing up Saucedo—the show parallels well the Presley career from beginning to end, for better and for worse.

Elvis spent most of a lifetime going from rock to schlock. Saucedo negotiates the trip in just under two hours. They are an electrifying two hours: sometimes jolting, often aggravating (there are some things in our past that we are just not comfortable remembering). But from start to finish, the show is shock therapy for the memory banks.

For some a kind of vertigo sets in, blurring the Saucedo-Elvis distinction. When Saucedo wipes his neck with a proffered hankie, the aisle is suddenly aswarm with women, all tossing linen. In the finale—as Saucedo is literally going up in stage smoke, singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"—hordes of women and girls rush the stage: screaming, crying; throwing flowers, scarves, and teddy bears (an old Presley tradition); offering up hands, hearts, body, and soul. For whom? Saucedo? Elvis? Themselves—or the *selves* that were? When you ask, they say they don't know.

Critics, of course, must know. They are not allowed to call in sick with a bad case of vertigo. How, then—after a sandwich, two cups of coffee, and a good night's sleep—does *Elvis the Legend Lives* stack up? As first-rate folk history but, alas, as third-rate Elvis. "There are two guys in Jersey who do him better," said a woman who sat behind me the second time I caught the show. I haven't seen the Jersey Presleys, but I know what she means.

Saucedo looks more like the Presley clones—Fabian, Sands, Twitty—than he does like the King. And his vocal style mimics the weaker, easier parts of the Presley style rather than the subtle, pouting power that made Presley the truly unique talent that the bulk of the media was always at pains to deny that he was. Why, then, the show's appeal? Is there something special about Elvis (or the Beatles) or Saucedo, or is rock necrophilia all in an audience's mind, ready to generate any tenth-rate mimic into a "smash simulation"? The *Elvis Lives* people are right now trying to track down the story about a mimic working the Poconos who is doing not just Elvis but *Rick doing Elvis*, in a kind of unauthorized, rip-off road show. The Beatles too have mimics in addition to the *Beatlemania* foursome, not the least of which was last month's very successful TV movie, *The Rutles*. Can anyone do Elvis? Can anyone do the Beatles? Otis Redding? Can anyone, in fact, do *anyone*? There is already a Judy Garland simulated live performance in the works, and Judy Garland mimics are lining up for a shot at the lead.

"The point of major interest here," said a knowledgeable friend of mine recently, "is that if mere 'mechanical doll' impressionists can take over the constituencies and the mystique of any dead pop hero or heroine, the future of show biz—let alone of America—is going to be drastically different from anything we have known."

Dead rock will probably not change the future of America nor will it even alter greatly the future of show business. What it will probably do is crash upon us like the wave that it is and then retreat safely out to sea. A few plunging nonswimmers may get hurt (the original producer of *Elvis Lives* has already been bought up and washed away), but the shoreline will not be drastically changed. In fact, past experience with waves such as the British

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The Bettman Archive

The Beatles (left). Beatlemania (right)—"Four young men who look more like the Beatles than, say, Zubin Mehta."

invasion, the theater of the absurd, and pay TV should teach us that we will hardly change at all.

And to be fair to Saucedo, he is only caught up in this like the rest of us are. He is no vulture, feeding off the death of a giant. Saucedo had been doing what the trade calls "a Presley act" since 1972. And the fact is, he is actually rather like Elvis was, something that was apparently more important to the producers of *Elvis Lives* than were looks, voice, or studied mimicry.

Backstage after the show, Saucedo is quiet and remote, private in the Presley way. He answers my questions politely but briefly. When pressed, he tells the obligatory early failure story, of having a voice so awful that he had to mouth the words in his church choir. He is aware his success may be a trap and hints he has a plan to break out of "the Presley thing" when he feels it is time. It may be a movie. "I'd like to do Dracula or something," he says, and suddenly that brooding Presley look comes over his face. He picks up a sign that a woman tossed onstage several nights ago. It says GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF ROCK AND ROLL.

"Elvis didn't like being called the King," he says, "and I don't like being called the Prince."

Ray Walker, of the Jordanaires, beams, as if he were listening to the son of a departed friend saying things directly reminiscent of the father.

So there are good mimics and there are bad mimics and there are mimics in between, and everyone seems to be making money. Perhaps, then, the reasons for dead rock's appeal should be searched out not among the mimics but in the audience to whom they play.

At *Elvis Lives*, the audience appears to be made up of the working class, aged twenty-five to forty, with several members who seem too young to remember and some who look too old to care. The men are more uniformly anachronistic than the women. They have the Presley haircut, and the subtle differences in hair length and style from head to head reflect the stages of the Presley career—as if each fan was forever frozen at the instant of his primal fanaticism in the image of the Elvis Presley of that moment. There is little of the expectant buzz that one is used to just before a curtain goes up. The men whisper in hushed tones: some as if they were going to see Presley himself, some as if they were going to see a freak show, some as if they were going to church. The women hardly talk at all. Here indeed is where the mystery unravels, where dead rock starts to make some sense, where we can begin to assess the various forces conspiring to create the phenomenon.

For some—those who saw the real thing—dead rock is personal. Not all the tears will be shed for the King. Many will be shed for lovers and friends long since lost, married, or killed in action. For those too young to have seen the King, there is a sense of boning up on an important step in their cultural evolution. But for almost everyone, there is a feeling of sadness tinged with embarrassment and chagrin, and with a good helping of guilt. It's as if they were atoning for not having paid enough attention to, as one woman put it, "the single most important event in our lifetime" by watching Saucedo re-create it. After all, Tinker Bell was saved by our applause. But Elvis died. Had they not loved him enough? Had they not applauded enough? Could it be that rock necrophilia is a product of our future shock, of our too-fast turnover of people and events that has rendered us unable to appreciate things until they are gone and sorely lamented? When the audience attempts to re-create the excitement that it missed, it creates the excitement it is having. This initiative feeds on itself, grows in power, and ultimately puts Rick Saucedo over. This is what the industry is banking on. This is the life-force of dead rock. "Sure," says Jann Wenner, editor-publisher of *Rolling Stone*, "it's got nothing to do with music. They murder the music. But then they are not selling music. What they are selling are rehashed, dreamy reminiscences. *Beatlemania* isn't the Beatles as they really were. It is the Beatles as you wish they were, and you are now relating to them the way you wish you *had*."

Which begs the original question: Can a tidal wave of dead rock be far behind? "I'm sure," says Wenner, "we're going to see Joplin and Hendrix and all that stuff. And a lot of people who didn't care about them when they were happening are going to be caring about them now."

Save your James Dean buttons. There's already a show in London. ◉

Barney Cohen is a free-lance writer living in New York.

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THEATER

Broadway's Cockeyed Commercial Theater

by Martin Gottfried

THERE WAS A TIME when professionalism was the hallmark of the Broadway stage. One couldn't always count on intellectual stimulation there, on artistic rewards, or even on transient entertainment; but in elementary terms, one got one's money's worth. Good, bad, or indifferent, the show was on a professional level. Who set that level? Our old, maligned friend: the crass, commercial producer.

Yet recently, an experienced Broadway producer got involved with his own ego to the extent of treating it to an outright vanity production. The producer was Stuart Ostrow and the play, the first he has written, was *Stages*. I speak of it in the past tense because it actually closed as it opened, playing one performance, and one too many at that. Like most first plays, its ambitiousness was inversely proportionate to its author's abilities.

Stages was divided into five sections: "Denial," "Anger," "Bargaining," "Depression," and "Acceptance." Though Ostrow gave no program credit to Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, these divisions were taken directly from her book, *On Death and Dying*, in which they are listed as the five stages of dying. Ostrow's play aimed to illustrate these stages with five one-act plays that had no connection with each other except that the leading role in each was played by Jack Warden, whose character was described in the program as "The Actor."

In the "Denial" stage, The Actor was a writer whose play had just opened to weak reviews. In the "Anger" stage, The Actor was a witness called before an unidentified investigative committee. The program did credit this section, citing "testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee," whose dialogues were no better than Ostrow's. All references to communism were deleted so that we could take "tribunal" and "subversive" on more profound levels. We didn't. The other stages in *Stages* were even more incomprehensible. The play was directed by Richard Foreman, who, having no reason to, gave it the look of German expressionism. What he could not do was make it seem professional.

As *Stages* folded its tent, leaving us still in the dark about the meaning of life, *Runaways* was flexing its youthful muscles in anticipation of wowing Broadway. This is a musical produced by Joseph Papp, who has lately seemed to be less interested in running his New York Shakespeare Festival than in being a Broadway supplier. Having successfully transferred two earlier productions—*A Chorus Line* and *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow Is Enuf*—uptown, Papp has lately taken to moving plays to Broadway almost before the rave reviews have been wrapped around the next day's fish. (Unfortunately, *The Water Engine*, an excellent play, was doing fine at the festival's downtown theater until it was moved uptown, where it closed in two weeks. Broadway audiences will buy only the most superficial of dramas.)

Having completed a brief downtown run, *Runaways* has already been announced for a Broadway opening this month. It is not so much good work as do-gooding work. It is *Hair* for those liberals with a bottomless appetite for forgettable guilt and painless self-flagellation. The show is set on a city playground, where it looks and acts like *Sesame Street*. The company is young, from pre-teens to kids in their early twenties. They are as talented as young amateurs can be. There is no story. The subject is runaway children, and the exploration of it runs no deeper than repeated references to argumentative or drunken parents. These references are made in speeches that might have been (and probably were) written by precocious children. The work of precocious children should be forced only upon other precocious children.

There are some two-dozen musical numbers in *Runaways*, all of them written by its composer-lyricist-director, Elizabeth Swados, who is apparently the head precocious child. Swados seems more interested in social work than in professional theater. Her songs sound alike, all characterized by a relentless drumbeat unrelieved by any other instrumentation except an occasional saxophone or bass fiddle, by an almost absolute lack of melody, and by an indifference to harmony. The dances are simplified versions of outright Broadway choreography. There are some individual numbers presenting—dare we dream?—actual stage activity. They involve street props: gymnastics on a basketball rim, skateboarding, and so on. These demonstrate to us the creativity of children within the city streets' limitations. We should all pay taxes for playgrounds or make contributions—but why buy tickets? *Runaways* is not professional theater, or even entertaining, and the program's coy invitation to sleep during the intermission might understandably be accepted for the duration of the show. But *Runaways* is moving to Broadway because of a rave review in *The New York Times*. I'm curious to see what will happen. Will theatergoers buy amateurism at $15 to $20 a ticket?

GEORGES FEYDEAU was, if anything, the professional—the "merely commercial"—playwright. Practicing at the turn of the century, he was incredibly prolific. In 1894 alone, he had four successful *boulevard* comedies running on the Paris stage. He wrote *Monsieur chasse!* in the midst of this period, but it is only now having its New York premiere at the Circle in the Square Theater. (New York has never known exactly what to do with Feydeau, though his stylish commercialism is presently taking on a positively classical patina.)

Retitled *13 Rue de l'Amour*, this production is a premiere in fact only. We've seen the same Feydeau play, more or less, under a half-dozen different titles. It is of course about a woman, her husband, and her would-be lover. Naturally, it has a closet for hiding in, trousers to be lost, a secret trysting place whose existence seems to be public knowledge, and unconsummated passions. It also has a clockwork precision, an abundance of polish, and enormous high spirits. In short, it is funny, professional entertainment, adult theater, a play worth the money. The Circle in the Square has produced it with real aplomb, even managing to get Louis Jourdan as the chief *farceur*.

The Circle in the Square is an institutional, not a commercial, theater; yet here it is presenting the substantial virtues that one might think would characterize a commercial play, while the supposedly professional commercial theater on Broadway gave birth to the neophyte *Stages* and will soon be adopting the slapdash *Runaways*. I believe something is cockeyed. ◉

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THE MOVIES

"The Fury": Fourth-Class Balderdash

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

ANYONE who has ever doubted that film criticism is not an exact science need only read the reviews of Brian DePalma's new movie, *The Fury* (20th Century-Fox). It never occurred to me, after I endured a screening, to suppose the film worth the bother of writing about. Then I read the judgments of revered colleagues. Some of the critics I most respect have saluted *The Fury* as an artistic triumph, the birth of a classic, better than Hitchcock, irresistible in technique and impact. History may prove them right. But the movie still seems to me a piece of balderdash, and fourth-class balderdash at that. In view of the incomprehensible admiration it has excited, I feel duty bound to declare myself among the dissenters.

DePalma specializes in parapsychological thrillers. His fable begins this time on a beach in Israel, where an overage CIA station chief is seen handing over his job to a successor. (The mystic initials are not used, but when the two men talk about the Agency, we know they don't mean Young and Rubicam.) Suddenly, Arab terrorists appear and do their bungling best to kill the CIA retiree. After a while, we gather that the terrorists are working for the CIA too and that the new station chief is plotting to rub out his predecessor in order to abduct the retiree's son, a boy with supernormal powers. Russia doesn't have one, as the CIA villain greedily tells us; China doesn't have one; but we do.

Before we know it, we are in Chicago. The father, who has survived the assassination attempt (another indication, I guess, that we are dealing with the CIA), is determined to rescue his son. The Agency, its operatives everywhere, disguised as anything convenient to the plot, continues to try to destroy its former employee. Another supernormal child, a girl, appears. She too is added to the Agency's collection. The girl and boy are on the same telepathic wavelength. The boy has, in addition, an advanced case of telekinesis. By focusing his psychic powers, he can levitate people and objects and cause them to whirl madly around. The girl's talent lies in making blood spurt out of the eyes, nose, and mouth of those who bother her. The father uses the girl to lead him to his son, who has meanwhile turned into a rotter in the hands of the Agency. The climax is, even in terms of what has gone before, so ridiculous that one would assume parody were it not for the implacable solemnity of DePalma's attitude toward his material.

I have nothing against metapsychic speculation. If it is all right by William and Henry James, it is all right by me. Unquestionably, it fills a need in modern society. No doubt human nature takes its revenge on technology by seeking out phenomena that appear to defy mechanical laws. More power to the seekers: As William James said, "Anyone will renovate his science who will steadily look after the irregular phenomena." I regret that otherwise intelligent people fuss about the zodiac and consult astrologers, but it is hard to deny the existence of what William James called an "unclassified residuum" in the field of psychic research.

The objection is not to parapsychology. It is to the mindless use DePalma has made of it. One wishes that Mark Twain were around to follow his famous piece on "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses" with one on "Brian DePalma's Cinematic Offenses," not that DePalma is worth the effort. Surely the first rule in a thriller, as in poetry, is to induce the willing suspension of disbelief. Hitchcock mesmerizes us because terror lurks in the most circumstantially plausible of settings. He makes us believe in the general shape of his characters, and we therefore stick with him when quite unbelievable things begin to happen to them. That is the salient quality of the great thrillers. James Whale's *The Invisible Man* is another example.

The Fury makes no effort to gain our confidence. It is blatantly unbelievable from start to finish. The dialogue, which sounds as if it came out of a computer programmed by Street and Smith, denies plausibility to all of DePalma's puppets. Take the opening scene between father and son: Even the reliable Kirk Douglas, who does his robust best to pretend to take it all seriously, can do nothing with lines of such egregious insipidity. Learned allusions later on by smocked figures to the "bio-plastic universe," and so forth, are straight from the comic books. One of Mark Twain's rules of literary composition requires "that when the personages of a tale deal in conversation, the talk should sound like human talk, and be talk such as human beings would be likely to talk in the given circumstances, and have a discoverable meaning, also a discoverable purpose and a show of relevancy." This rule, as Mark Twain would say, is "coldly and persistently" violated in *The Fury*.

Another of Mark Twain's rules applies too: "that the author shall make the reader feel a deep interest in the personages of his tale and in their fate, and that he shall make the reader love the good people in the tale and hate the bad ones." But the viewer of *The Fury*, like Mark Twain confronted by *The Deerslayer*, "dislikes the good people in it, is indifferent to the others, and wishes they would all get drowned together."

Even in its own idiotic terms, *The Fury* makes no sense whatever. The son, whose telekinetic powers will win the cold war, floats in the air at will but, as Judith Crist sensibly observed, is at the same time a lousy pole-vaulter and cannot save himself from falling off a roof to his death. Now, a character in a tale cannot be a miracle man when it suits one twist of the plot and inexplicably lose his magical powers when it suits another. But this rule, as Mark Twain would say, "is flung down and danced upon" in *The Fury*. DePalma's contempt for his audience is even greater than his contempt for the medium.

The Fury seems to me a botched and trashy mix of the paranoid thriller, the occult shocker, and the anti-CIA tract, all designed to cater to the sadomasochistic unconscious and all dumped together into a smelly brew stirred by appallingly inept witches. Let me end with Mark Twain: "A work of art? ... It has no order, system, sequence, or result; it has no lifelikeness, no thrill, no stir, no seeming of reality; its characters are confusedly drawn and by their acts and words they prove they are not the sort of people their author claims that they are; its humor is pathetic; its pathos is funny; its conversations are—oh! indescribable; its love scenes odious; its English a crime against the language. Counting these out, what is left is Art. I think we must all admit that." ◉

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TELEVISION

"60 Minutes": Rejoicing with Mike, Morley, and Dan

by Karl E. Meyer

ALONG WITH 20 million or more other Americans, I am irretrievably addicted to *60 Minutes*, the weekly CBS newsmagazine. Every Sunday at 7 P.M. my gaze turns as if by conditioned tropism to the lighted screen, and if for any reason—because of schedule preemptions or imperative social obligations—I do not get my weekly fix, I suffer withdrawal symptoms. I find my mind wandering, and little tics develop on my brow. What in the world are Mike and Morley and Dan up to? What succulent scam has it been my unhappy fate to miss knowing about?

By now, *60 Minutes* is not so much a program as a metaphor for the American way of life. It has retained its place for about three years as the only nonentertainment show that scores consistently in the top 10 highest-rated prime time programs. How can one account for its extraordinarily durable mass appeal? Doubtless one explanation is its professionalism, its almost slick polish as the camera moves from an interview with Anwar Sadat to a whimsical, Damon Runyon-like tale of a school for retarded children that owns a horse that has broken records as a harness race money winner.

But this is, I think, only a small part of a more interesting truth. The distinctive genius of *60 Minutes* is that it appeals to the touch of larceny that the adage says is in all our hearts. Besides exposing fraud and arousing our righteous superego, it also titillates the deeper id that makes us rejoice when some rogue beats the system. The program thus works two ways: It appeals to both our sense of virtue and our guilty delight in vice.

A recent item, for example, was about a reformed car thief, now working as a police consultant, who demonstrated the splendid simplicity of his technique for stealing the newest models of the most expensive cars. He would target a Mercedes in an airport parking lot and make a note of the license plate number and the dealer sticker; he would then find the owner's name through a telephone call to an official agency and phone the dealer, claiming to be a policeman and explaining that a Mr. Smith said he was locked out of his car. Could the dealer confirm that Smith owned the Mercedes and provide the serial number so that a new key could be made? With a few bribes, everything else is done with artful finesse. Such a report can really make one's evening.

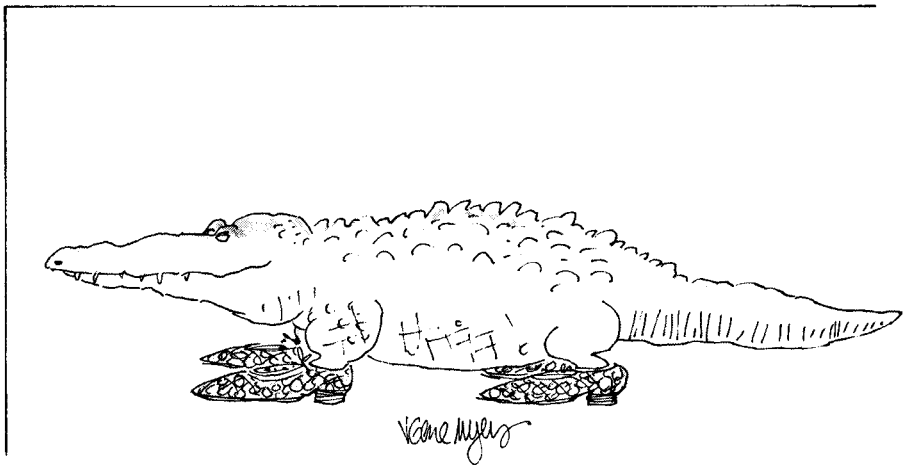
Drawing on my memory—and without consulting Don Hewitt, the program's executive producer—I remember with peculiar schadenfreude the following examinations of higher graft:

- How to acquire fake identity documents, such as passports, driving licenses, and so forth
- How to manipulate computers into making phony deposits in and withdrawals from various bank accounts
- How to make millions in stock swindles on the options market
- How to "double dip"—draw both government pay and a government pension
- How to arrange a divorce of convenience and thereby pay lower income taxes
- How to smuggle cigarettes from North Carolina and dodge state excise taxes elsewhere
- How to bribe police and health and fire department inspectors in Chicago, and cook the books of a Chicago tavern
- How to get lucrative kickbacks on Medicaid prescriptions
- How to write off Super Bowl tickets and country club dues as a business expense
- How to forge paintings and market them as having been done by Matisse or Chagall
- How to become a minister of a nonexistent church and claim tax benefits for a bogus congregation

In their exposition of these and other capers, the *60 Minutes* trio—Mike Wallace, Morley Safer, and Dan Rather—sustains the right note of knowing complicity with the unseen viewer. Indignation is never overdone, and there is just the hint of a between-us-grown-ups wink. And let it be said that the reports have far more than amusement value.

An excellent piece by Safer blew the cover of the "daisy chain," a process through which oil companies resell petroleum among themselves, hiking the price with each transaction and passing the ultimate burden on to the unknowing consumer. In describing how Floridians were so victimized, Safer at one point took his camera crew to an oil industry conference in Houston. He asked guests at random if they knew what a daisy chain was, and their blithe disclaimers of all knowledge told more about the ways of oilmen than a thousand indignant editorials could have.

In short, *60 Minutes* is a means of ventilating our helpless resentment of the swindles that mock the civic-book pretensions of American life. Just a century ago, Trollope's *The Way We Live Now* startled his Victorian readers by portraying a London in which speculators and confidence artists were being indulged by the respectable. Trollope defended his work, saying that in portraying the commercial profligacy of his age, he had colored the vices and exaggerated the sins to add to the effect and hold the reader's attention. By entertaining, he caused his audience to become subliminally aware of the hypocrisies of the time. In the same sense, *60 Minutes* superbly illumines the way we live now. ◉



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PHOTOGRAPHY

A Salute to the High Craftsmen of Photography

by Owen Edwards

De Meyer's Nijinsky—"Stylized studies that verge on bas-reliefs, less an evocation of dance than of decorations on Grecian urns."

HAVING, after a century and a half, mootly sorted out its gods, titans, and heroes, photography is at last at the luxurious stage where there is time (and gallery space) to recognize its high craftsmen, the Thomas Chippendales and Josiah Wedgwoods of the form. Mostly, these are the men and women who put their images to work in the prosaic business of pushing goods or enviable (buyable) modes of living. Whatever the quality of their pictures, these photographers were studiously ignored or actively castigated by art photographers busily hustling grants and government work, as if earning daily pay with photography was somehow antithetical to the nature of art. As a result, only major figures like Steichen, Penn, Avedon, and Beaton—who were either seduced by commercial work or formed by it—were paid attention to, while beneath these Mount Rushmore eminences the larger group of remarkable photographers who used the rigorous disciplines of commercial craft with wit and brilliance were taken for granted. Happily, the times are changing. Three recent exhibitions in New York City of photographs by Erwin Blumenfeld, Martin Munkacsi, and Adolf de Meyer exemplify the increasing recognition of the medium's fine artisans.

Blumenfeld, whose work was shown at the Witkin Gallery in April, was a German Jew who shot fashion pictures in Paris for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* during the Thirties and managed to get to the United States (via concentration camps in France and Algiers) in 1941. Blumenfeld brought with him from his Paris days darkroom techniques—solarizing, crystallization (achieved by drying negatives in a refrigerator)—that had been used by surrealists like Man Ray and Herbert Bayer. But more important, he brought a devotion to elegant composition and excellent printing that was not frequently seen among photographers whose pictures were destined to suffer the uncertainties of the printed page. (Blumenfeld's concern for the quality of his pictures *before* they fell into the variably sensitive hands of art directors was a clear and clarifying influence on later perfectionists like Penn and Hiro.) In many of the cover pictures Blumenfeld did for American magazines, he experimented with a kind of minimal color that went against the prevailing notion that if a magazine could provide color, the photographer should pour it on. Instead, Blumenfeld would use one or two primary hues to form compelling fashion icons. For a 1951 *Vogue* cover, for instance, he posed a pale, blonde model against a light background, painted her lips a deep crimson, had her wear a translucent eyeshade that cast a veil-like blue shadow over her eyes, then blurred the composition slightly, making the girl seem more like a vivid memory than an image of reality.

Blumenfeld's black-and-white photographs exhibited at the Witkin Gallery may have been less familiar than his magazine covers, but they too illustrate his almost constantly imaginative ways of dealing with the commercial photographer's quotidian problem of showing the same old thing in some bright new way. Although the exhibit was replete with examples of Blumenfeld's tricks—three-way mirrors; wet, translucent silk scarves; masks; and dramatic spotlighting were some of the many methods he used to fix the viewers' eyes—the show was really a tribute to the fact that beneath his enlivening illusions, Blumenfeld maintained an exacting, exalted belief in craftsmanship.

When Martin Munkacsi, a Hungarian famous for news and sports pictures in German illustrated magazines, was asked in 1933 by *Bazaar*'s prescient new editor, Carmel Snow, to take some resort fashion pictures, he did the logical thing for a photojournalist: He took a model to a frigid, November-bound beach, put her into a bathing suit and a cape, and sent her

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running up the sand past his camera. The picture of a young woman looking glamorous at a gallop was the sort of work Munkacsi had been doing for years for newsmagazines. But bursting into the airless waxworks of contemporary fashion magazines, it made him an overnight star. For the next 10 years, Munkacsi and his delightful circus act of leaping, striding, golfing, dancing, laughing beauties dominated *Bazaar*, establishing a tradition of liveliness and zest that influenced almost every fashion and advertising photographer to come (Richard Avedon has said, "Munkacsi was the father of us all"). And to whatever extent we become what we behold, Munkacsi was influential in how women of the time began to perceive themselves.

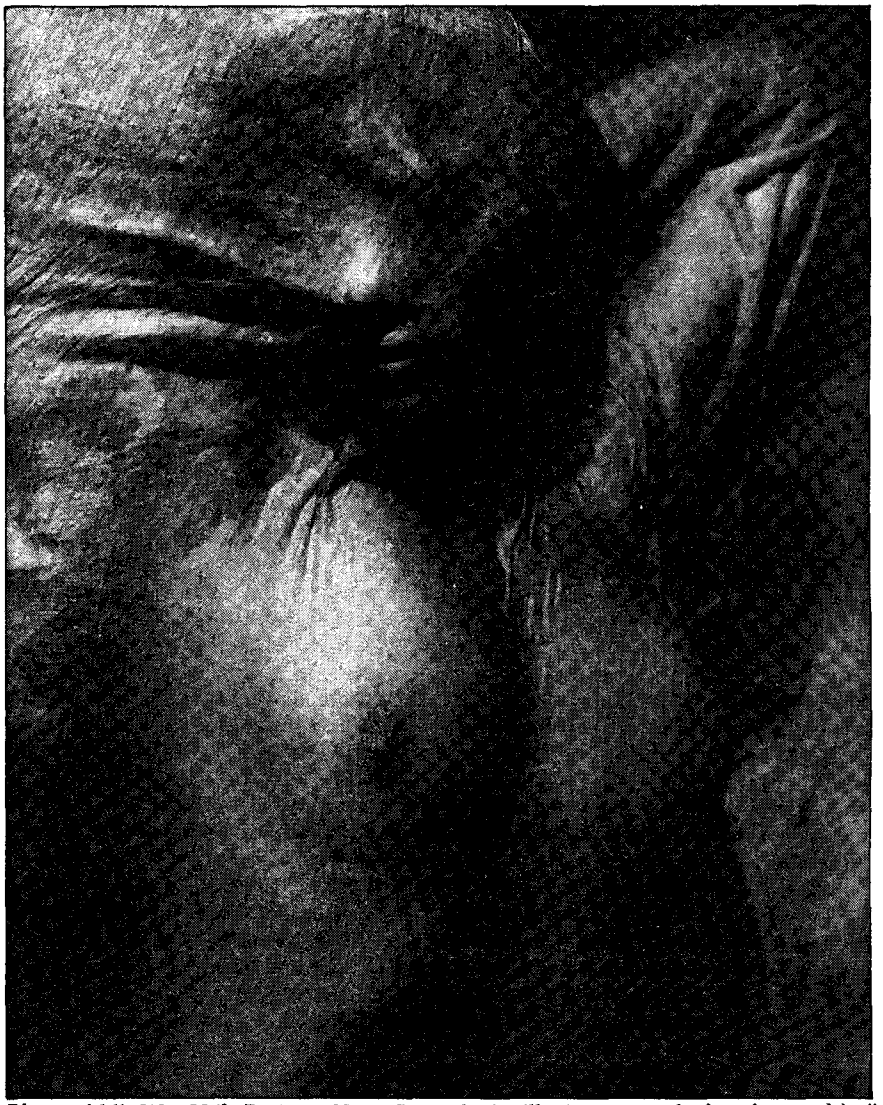
In a large first retrospective exhibition currently at the International Center of Photography, Munkacsi's European news pictures share the walls with the mobile models and airborne dancers with which he energized American fashion pages. Though his work in this country seems surer and more singularly stylistic than his earlier pictures (a fact due largely to the guidance of *Bazaar*'s remarkable art director, Alexey Brodovitch), there is in almost all his photography a glorying in pure motion that goes beyond the mechanical ability of the camera to flash-freeze time. Instinctively, long before most photographers sensed there was a difference, Munkacsi knew that to stop action was not necessarily to capture the essence of energy. With rare consistency, he managed to do both; and any of us who ever browse through fashion magazines today, or for that matter pay any attention to what a long way baby has come in advertising pictures, owe Munkacsi our thanks that the women in them don't resemble the displays in a taxidermist's shopwindow.

At the Washburn Gallery, 33 of Baron Adolf de Meyer's photographs (palladium prints by Richard Benson) of the 1912 Diaghilev-Nijinsky production of *L'Après-midi d'un faune* offer a rare glimpse of the nonfashion work of a prototypal fashion photographer. When De Meyer, a fabulous character whose personal fables were mostly just that, went to work for Condé Nast's *Vogue*, in 1914, he was already a prominent society photographer in Europe. His laboriously cultivated social prominence helped make fashion photographs important to publishers and readers (before he signed a lavish contract with *Vogue*, fashion illustrations ranked in third place in the magazine, behind social notes and home decorating).

In a sense, De Meyer created the establishment against which Munkacsi would later react: With a kind of absolute artificiality, the baron recorded how the other half of one percent lived. It seemed that such as Mrs. Ronald Tree and Lady Ottoline Morrell did not need to move to be enviable (presumably they hired others to do that for them). Fresh air and vigor had no currency comparable to the poise of extreme well-being and the discreet off-camera footfalls of attentive servants.

The *faune* series of photographs arose out of an ongoing interest De Meyer had in Nijinsky, who had been the subject of several of the photographer's portraits. Like De Meyer's fashion tableaux, his dance studies are stylized. They are posed in such an unanimated way that they verge on bas-reliefs, less an evocation of the dance than an imitation of the decorations on Grecian urns or on the walls of Egyptian tombs. De Meyer published the pictures in an extremely expensive, limited-edition folio, with texts by Rodin, Jacques-Emile Blanche, and Cocteau, but the project bombed. (To save face, De Meyer later claimed that the books were aboard a cargo ship that was sunk by torpedoes while heading for the United States.) Yet for all their nonphotographic artificiality, there is in these finely wrought studies the allure of a real-life past that is the peculiar province of the medium.

Neither Blumenfeld, Munkacsi, nor De Meyer can be considered a major figure in the history of photography; yet to significant degrees each was an important, imaginative, and seminal part of a furiously competitive, frequently wonderful aspect of the medium. For years their best efforts have lain ignored in the limbo of forgotten stacks of dusty magazines. We're lucky to have the pleasure of their company again. ◉



Blumenfeld's Wet Veil, *Paris, 1937—"Beneath the illusion, an exalted craftsmanship."*

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DANCE

The Dance World at Rennes

by Walter Terry

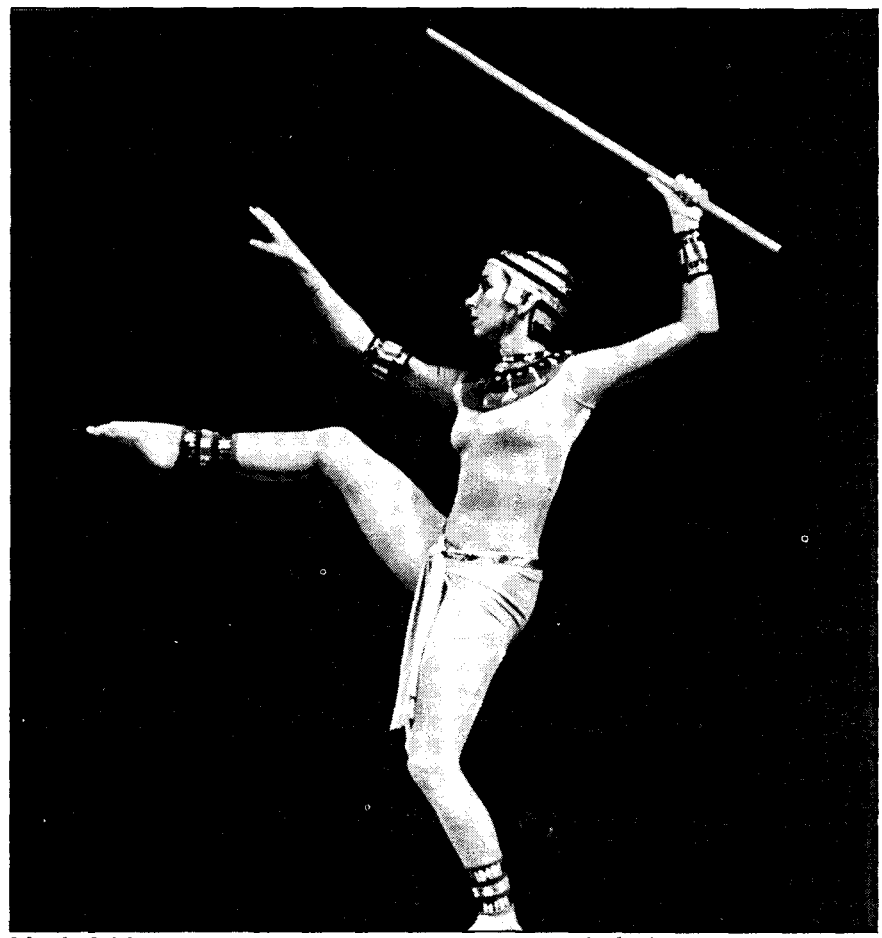
Rennes, France

ANCIENT AND AVANT-GARDE dance are equally at home here in Rennes—a fact that seems to be mirrored by the city itself, in which only a gentle canal separates medieval monuments from streamlined buildings of glass and steel. Such American dance experimentalists as Meredith Monk, Lucinda Childs, Lar Lubovitch, and Louis Falco have performed in the decade-old Maison de la Culture de Rennes. Yet for the past five years, the impressive *festival des arts traditionnels* has been produced in the same building.

More than 30 nations were represented at this year's festival by traditional dances, rituals, songs, instrumental music, puppets, masks, and costumes and by documentary films. But there was a new ethnic wrinkle in this fifth festival: A three-day colloquy on "The Theatricalization of Folk Dance," profusely illustrated through live dance and movies, was sponsored by the Dance Committee of the International Theater Institute (of UNESCO). The committee is headed not by ethnologists nor anthropologists but by its president, Yuri Grigorovich, artistic director and principal choreographer of the Soviet Union's Bolshoi Ballet, and its vice-president, Robert Joffrey, artistic director of America's Joffrey Ballet.

Eighteen countries participated in the colloquy, which was one of the most stimulating and fascinating dance events I have ever attended. Heated arguments abounded: Folk dance purists cried, "Hands off! No tampering with tradition!" while choreographers shouted that a given culture is best mirrored, extolled, and disseminated through theater. The perfect arbiter—although she did not think of herself as such—was Korea's Sun-Ock Lee, who is as comfortable with the dances of her ancestors as she is with her own contemporary dances, which are rooted in America's modern dance techniques.

For the festival in Rennes, Lee and her assisting dancers and musicians presented a full concert of traditional Korean dance. The bright colors of Korean folklore—the spirit, the costumes, the decorated drums and baby silver trumpets, the shimmering streamers—enchanted an audience of viewers from many lands. Lee displayed her ethnic virtuosity in a solo in which she danced and played multiple rhythms on five suspended drums. Her troupe's two male dancers also added to the ethnic atmosphere: Wearing conical hats topped by 12-foot streamers, they filled the air with patterns of silken lightning.



Magda Saleh in today's stick dance—"Theatricalization of a heritage belonging only to Egypt."

In a lecture related to her performance, Lee disarmed, then unified both folklorists and theatricalists by asking with seeming innocence, "What do *we* mean by traditional? Where do *we* want it to stop and to start? Traditional dance is not static; it is evolutionary. It has changed as conditions have changed, as faiths have changed, as modes of living have changed, even as villagers with extra individual talent have added something of their own to folklore."

Lee, who learned her native dances when she was a child and who studied classical ballet and modern dance in college in Korea, pointed out that most traditional Korean dance is rooted in the ancient shamanism faith of the country's antiquity but that it has been absorbed into a Buddhist culture. Where, then, does tradition begin and end? Referring to her all-Korean program, Lee said, "Twenty-five percent of what I danced here was inherited technique spanning the centuries; seventy-five percent of what I performed with that technique was improvisational; one hundred percent was traditional Korean. Once the body is trained in a culture, it is free to speak for itself within the framework of that culture."

The festival provided still other examples of the relationship between lore and theater, between folk tradition and individual creativity. A most striking event was the juxtaposition of what is probably the world's oldest continuing folk dance with a brand-new contemporary piece that incorporates the

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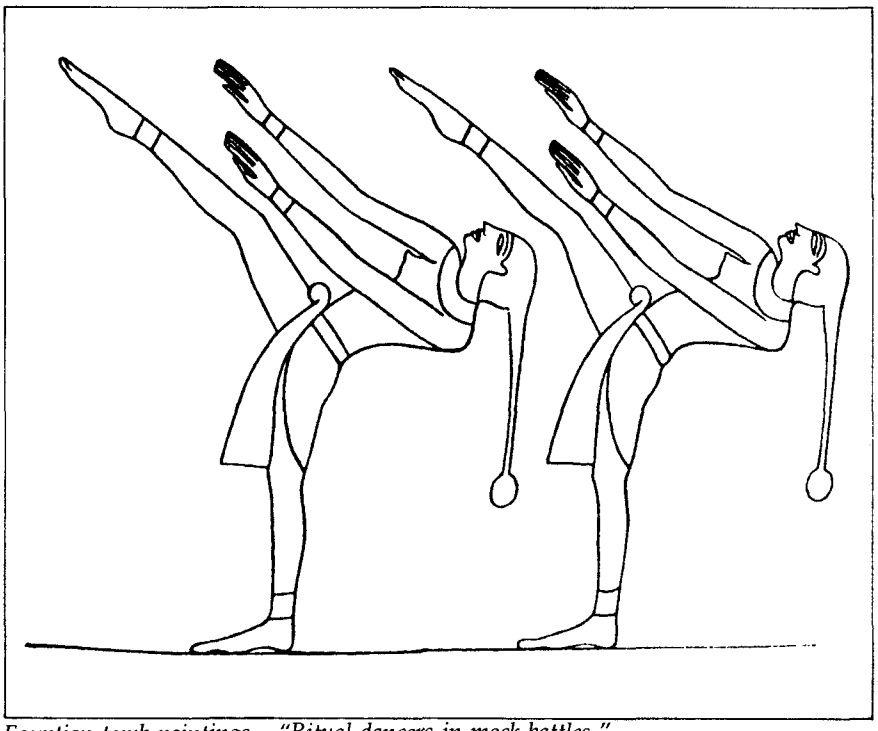
techniques of both classical ballet and American modern dance. As the ancient wall paintings in tombs and temples at Saqqara and Thebes have it, 5,000 years ago along the Nile, ritual dancers engaged in mock battles with sticks and poles. In Cairo today, you can see a street celebration in which young dancing boys contest with sticks.

Egypt sent to the Rennes festival a documentary film of stick dancers whirling, feinting, and battling in ceremonial rhythms as a robed umpire, beating a drum, refereed the proceedings. When the film ended, Magda Saleh, the delegate from Egypt, spoke of her nation's ancient heritage and then, wearing a leotard of pharaonic design, danced her highly individualized theatricalization of a heritage belonging to no other nation of the world but Egypt.

Saleh, a former prima ballerina of the Cairo Ballet (Egypt's national company) who holds a master's degree in dance from the University of California at Los Angeles and is currently a candidate for a doctorate in dance from New York University, began her dance with a near-silhouette prologue in which patterns from antique drawings were suggested. Then after jumping from her bas-relief position on an elevated platform down to a lower stage, she manipulated sticks to form a choreography that wove together today's technical dance vocabulary, with whirlings becoming swift pirouettes and crouches turning into modern dance knee slides. Traditional? Modern? Both. And unmistakably Egyptian.

Israel and Egypt were side by side at this festival, united as all dancers are by the universality of dance, and it was interesting to observe both the similarities and the differences of each country's dance folklore. The chief difference, of course, was one of chronology, for as Rina Sharett, of Israel, pointed out, "We have an ancient culture, but many of our dances are recent because of a two-thousand-year interruption in the life of our homeland." Thus, the heritage of dance in Israel includes those many dances born to and developed by Jews in distant lands.

Still different from Egypt and Israel but also related, through the constant crossovers of cultures and religions in the Middle East, was the striking ritual of the dervishes from Turkey. Twenty-four dervishes, the accompanying drummers, and their leader—who led prayers, intoned verses, and set the shifting rhythms—presented a two-hour ritual called the "zikr." The dervishes were neither whirling nor vibrating (as I have seen them in zikrs in Egypt and Cyprus), but their movements, chants, slow turns, and processional patterns carried them into a state of communal elation. This, of course, was a Muslim ceremony; still, a line of descent from the ecstatic dances of the ancient Israelites has been noted by scholars of the Levant.



Steven Caras

Egyptian tomb paintings—"Ritual dancers in mock battles."

The dervish ceremony was performed in an ideally selected theater—the Maison de la Culture de Rennes has five—for it was like an ampitheater, with steeply raked seating and a circular stage. A seemingly modern touch occurred at the end of the ceremony, when members of the audience were invited to join the dervishes in the ancient circle dance, but actually, the same invitation is extended in mosques.

The all-male dances of the dervishes had their secular counterpart in the traditional dances of the host province, Brittany, for here the males formed a line with their arms about each other and danced like a row of Gallic warriors. They also whirled into the air in remarkable leaps and spins and with their womenfolk engaged in circle dances older than their Celtic ancestors, dances as old as man himself.

Both the tribal rites of puberty from Senegal, where dance is used to usher in manhood and celebrate the fertility of a race, and the elegant dances of Bali, which demand the skill of professional interpreters, were a part of the international scene at this festival of traditional arts. The differences in dance heritages were special and sometimes spectacular. The Soviet Union's Igor Moiseyev has not dishonored the incredibly varied folk dance heritage of his country through his brilliant theatricalization of folk measures; rather, he has brought these dance treasures to the attention of the world. And America's very young and very modest folk dance materials have surely been given a stature we might never have envisioned had it not been for the theatrical skills of Agnes de Mille, with her *Rodeo*, *The Logger's Clog*, and *Oklahoma!*

It is clear that the folklorists have a point: Traditional dances, whether as defined by purists or by Sun-Ock Lee, must never be lost. Some are living and some are the equivalent of museum displays, but all are masterpieces. It is equally apparent that these dance riches can nurture the dancers, choreographers, composers, and designers of today.

Here in Rennes, thanks to the foresight and energies of the Dance Committee of the International Theater Institute, ethnic and aesthetic stop signs were removed and the go-ahead was given to both creators and preservers of the dance. Perhaps this was ordained: India was a participant in this festival, and the Hindu triad of deities includes the god Shiva, Lord of the Dance; Brahma, the Creator; and Vishnu, the Preserver. One should not presume to oppose deity. ◉

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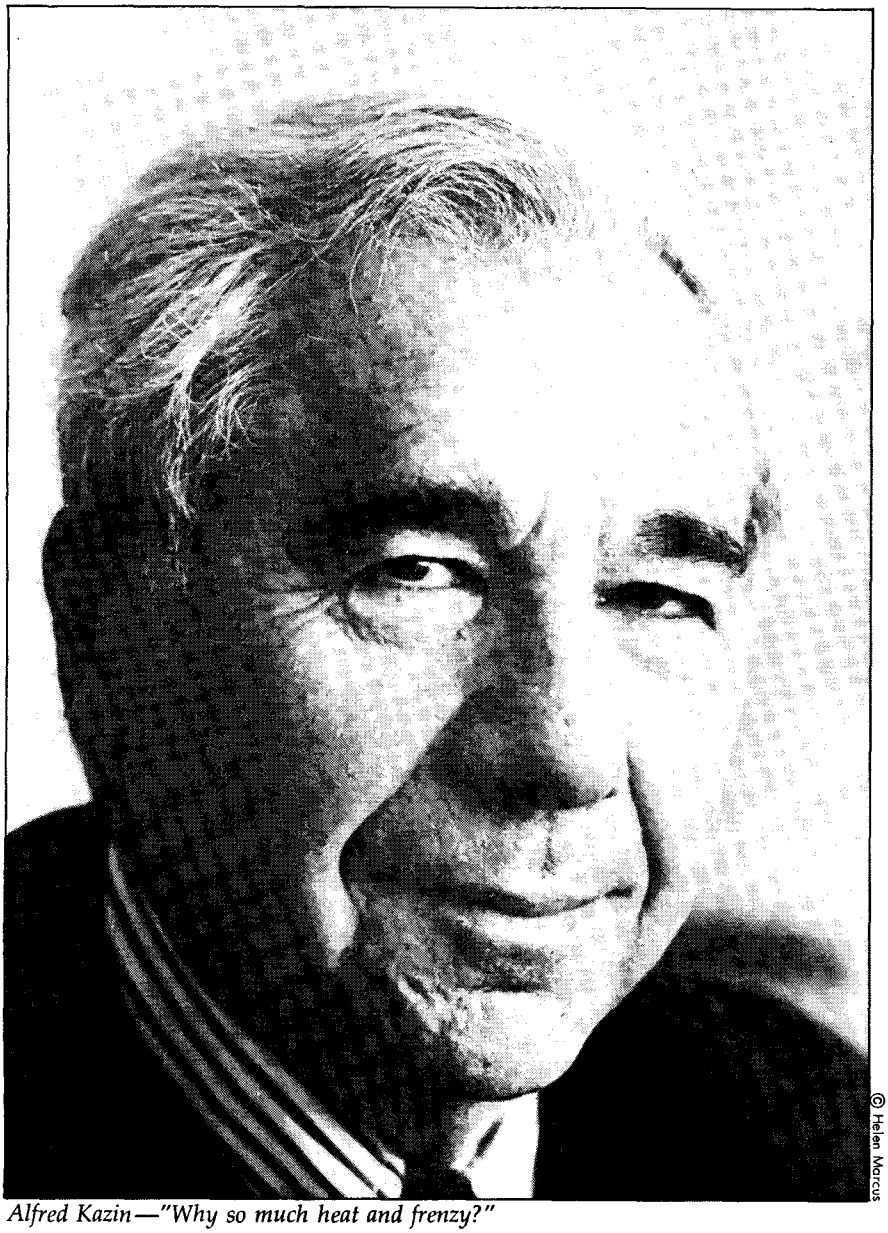
GROWING UP JEWISH AND LITERARY

The Tormented Memoirs of Alfred Kazin



Alfred Kazin—"Why so much heat and frenzy?"

New York Jew
by Alfred Kazin
Knopf, 320 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by
Benjamin DeMott

ALFRED KAZIN'S thir highly readable volun of autobiography, *Ne York Jew*, opens in 1942 at a time of t umph: the publication, when the a thor was twenty-seven, of *On Nati Grounds*, a comprehensive study modern American literature that st ranks as one of the most stunning ambitious projects ever brought off b any American critic, regardless of ag On the crest of the book's success, K zin moved from Brooklyn, his birtl place, to Manhattan; became litera editor of *The New Republic*; was caug up in a vision of midtown glamo ("the breasts and hot purple mouths the women in Saks"); and saw himse as having become overnight "a cha lenge to other writers"—a ma launched on the "battle" for litera reputation.

A hugely more consequential battl World War II, was then in progress course. Before it was over, Kazin, r jected for military service because of stammer, did a stint in England as government consultant on "the popul education movement among Britis soldiers and workers." But as early mid-1944 his life had begun settlin into an essentially academic patter summers in the vaults of great researc centers, studying one or another ma ter of English or American literatu (Kazin has edited works by Blak Melville, Emerson, Hawthorne, an James); seasons at the Salzburg Sem nar, at the writers' retreat at Yaddo, an

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at the University of Cologne; a series of teaching posts (Black Mountain, Smith, Amherst, Stony Brook, Hunter); and with the blooming of eminence, the obligatory celebrity tours of Russia and of Israel. The critic's domestic life has been marked by upheavals (Kazin's present marriage is his third), and much space is devoted in this book—successor to *Walker in the City* (1951) and *Starting Out in the Thirties* (1965)—to the writer's relationships over the years with wives and mistresses. Owing to early fame and natural gregariousness, his professional life has been notable for its range of acquaintanceship: *New York Jew* is studded with sketches of old lions like Van Wyck Brooks and Stark Young, the whole of the *Partisan Review* generation, not to mention such European giants as Brecht and Silone. Still, the volume is, at its center, a professor's story, not that of a man of action. Love and war are marginal; reading, writing, and teaching constitute the core.

And thereby hangs a problem: The author's tone—indeed, his very self-conception—seems at odds with his material. A hint of the difficulty comes early on when Kazin speaks of *On Native Grounds* as "my first great *deed*." Thereafter, the heroic vocabulary—combat, beleaguerment, struggle, portents, heat—is regularly in evidence and seldom seems commensurate with its referents. In addition to the "battle" for reputation, the "challenge" to other writers, and the wiles of those midtown sirens, there's much flinging down of gauntlets before professorial colleagues. ("Between us," Kazin writes about himself and an English department chairman, "there was nothing but war.")

And when the language is nonmilitary, it's not a whit lower pitched. Winds don't blow in these pages; "every wind tore through me." Walk-on characters don't come and go; they "tear off in anger." Cities are enemies, not backdrops; "Chicago was wild with winter, too big for me, mysteriously laid out." And feelings are invariably hypertense. Alfred Kazin at work on a book isn't simply eager to get back from lunch to the job, he's ravenous—"hunger pains [are] tearing me inside." He's not involved in the ordinary way with his parents but is "engulfed with my parents' marriage." Writing about the pressure exerted on him by ambitious friends his own age, he says that "I was losing myself, drowning in a world of people who were beautiful, wild." And when a young woman with whom he's had an affair tells him at parting that he's changed her life, he reflects, "With this [message] she had burned me forever. She had burned me."

What's more, the fervor is contagious, spreading into the portraits of friends and acquaintances. Robert Frost is "a raging battlefield." James Agee is "furious force." Henry Luce is "furious with concentration." Saul Bellow "storms." F. O. Matthiessen "screams." Carlo Levi "sighs and pants." "Unimaginable pain," "terrible belief," "terrible death"—such phrases abound. Lionel Trilling himself is presented as "ravaged"—mildly so, to be sure, but...

If the epic intensity elevated the cast, the effect would be less disconcerting. But as it happens, the portraitist often seems to charge up his subjects vehemently only to let them down with a patronizing shrug. There's a reductive principle—that of the debunker as opposed to the humanizer—at work in the sketching. Shrilly repeated negative epithets abound. Twice and thrice Edmund Wilson is "grumpy" and "seedy," twice and thrice Frost is "swollen." Trilling is overcautious, professorial, seeking guarantees from a book review editor that he won't have to do any work that will "damage my reputation." Wilson is outshone by his brilliant wife, Mary McCarthy; he turns ruefully to a visitor, in the manner of someone sorely tried by brilliance, and says, "Write something about *her* some time!" Mailer is self-absorbed: Over lunch at the Plaza he becomes so embroiled in a lecture about sexual repression as cancer that he doesn't notice the models pacing beside his table, posing for him, showing off gowns. Frost is pure mean-minded pomposity, celebrating himself (wrongly) as the sole liberator of Ezra Pound. Diana Trilling smolders for decades at Kazin for identifying her in a contributors' note as "the wife of Lionel Trilling."

Highly readable, to repeat, but also vaguely troubling. Well before the end of *New York Jew*, distracting questions press at the reader: Why so much heat and frenzy in this accomplished and successful teacher-writer? What lies at the root of his seeming imperiousness?

Lionel Trilling's answer, to judge from a passage in which Kazin imagines Trilling's views of him, would be that Kazin is "too full of my lower class experience... [lacking in] modulation." And the point about Kazin's modulation—his inability to adjust tone to occasion, inner feeling to outward fact—certainly appears well taken. I can support it myself, in fact, on the basis of a snippet of personal experience. I was present at Amherst during a period Kazin describes as "war," but I saw no blood, counted no casualties, indeed didn't once hear a voice raised.

Yet tempting as it is to explain the tonal and other extravagances of this book as manifestations of a weakness for melodrama, or of romantic egotism, or of some other destroyer of modulation, such explanations seem shallow. Kazin's pitch, his incommensurate intensity, is embarrassing, drawing irony

"To be fair, I can see where a casual observer might think we businessmen enjoy these lunches."

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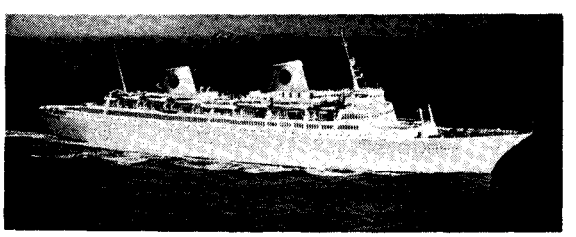

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upon itself; but once properly understood, it can also be seen as honorable—even, I'd argue, as moving. The root of understanding lies in the man's sense of mission, in his commitment to remembering the unthinkable. "The nightmare [of the Holocaust] brings everything else in question," he writes in an opening chapter, and it "will haunt me to my last breath." And while *New York Jew* isn't a book about the Holocaust, it's the work of a writer who long ago swore an oath to his tortured people: not to forget the torture, not to permit others to forget it, not to make a complacent sound as a writer but rather to seek to carry—damn decorum, damn embarrassment, damn modulation—the edge of outrage into other minds: *Whatever the subject, the occasion, the socially appropriate feeling, I will not let them forget.*

Coming to terms with an unstated objective of this kind is obviously a complex matter for any reader or reviewer. It's one thing to register the "deeds" that attest to the sense of mission, the massive determination to keep alive in oneself and in others the enormity of the Holocaust. You observe, for instance, that Kazin encouraged Hannah Arendt throughout the composition of her monumental probe of the origins of totalitarianism and helped her find a publisher when her work's future was in doubt; that he mocked in print and in person the evasive, genteel postures of Jewish and other professionals who regarded a preoccupation with the slaughter of the Jews as bad form; that it fell to him "each time"—after Arendt, after Anne Frank, after Terrence Des Pres, after a dozen others—to summon the energy of outrage anew, to recover the immediacies of the vanished, hideously shameful past.

But it's another thing altogether to assess the cost of that mission as reflected in the tone of voice—the cost, that is, not only of maintaining a memory of desperation but of ceaselessly alluding to it, obliquely or directly, through "inexplicable" extravagance and fury, "unreasonable" imputings of fire and ferocity to the cool and polite. Doubters reckoning the cost will probably not credit the author's estimate of his worth and difference, finding no counterparts to that "first great deed," locating no dimension or cause in this life that warrants shrillness. Insisting that the ceaseless returns in *New York Jew* to agony—to ugly taunts like that in the book's title, to Eliot's and Pound's Jew-baiting, to Auschwitz—are ultimately self-serving, doubters will discern a case of moral showboating.

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I confess I'm not finally with them. I believe that one could indeed be haunted to the "last breath" by the slaughter. I believe that anyone taking Kazin's goal—even if he's a Jew, as I am not—would have to *will* himself into the condition, teach himself a constant rage at the cool ones who, in Kazin's phrase, are "unconsciously cruel in their lack of attachment." I think a constant rage might qualify, in some sense, as a great deed. And for these not so simple reasons, *New York Jew* strikes me as not merely tormented and occasionally ridiculous, but deep, and the author as not merely vexing and unmodulated, but in the end invaluable. In both the work and the man, the excess is an echo. ◉

Benjamin DeMott is a professor of English at Amherst and a contributing editor for Atlantic Monthly.

Crimes by Computer

Computer Capers
by Thomas Whiteside
Crowell, 160 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Alan F. Westin

When Willie Sutton was asked by a reporter why he robbed banks, he replied, in surprise, "Why, that's where the money is kept."

The same answer would probably be volunteered by most of the new breed of criminals who are ripping off computer systems. Computers now handle billions of dollars each day in money transfers, stock transactions, and purchase orders, crediting one account and debiting another. They also store highly valuable proprietary information—trade secrets, new-product designs, oil exploration plans, and customer lists. The secret formula for Burpo Cola, Itch-of-the-Tigress Perfume, or Wally's Wonderful Wieners is no longer kept just in the minds of the founder's heirs and of a few trusted technicians; it also lies in the memory banks of the company's electronic data processing (EDP) system. In addition, computer-processing time is itself a multimillion dollar resource, sought by computer employees who want to process their own business or research ventures on their employer's computer.

Computer systems are the treasure-houses of the electronic age. They offer embezzlers the latest inviting target in a tradition of white-collar crime that goes back to merchants who filched wheat from the royal granaries of Egypt and to clerks who tapped accounts in the Italian banks of the Middle Ages. The difference is that never before have such volumes of valuable properties and the keys to get at them been put into extraordinarily complex pieces of calculating machinery and communications lines.

Tom Whiteside's engagingly written *Computer Capers* is about clever frauds and their perpetrators. It contains the kinds of profiles we would expect to find in *The New Yorker*, which is just where Whiteside's stories appeared originally.

He relates, for example, accounts of such well-known computer rip-offs as the Equity Funding scandal, in 1973. As Whiteside points out, it was not disgruntled employees or outside assailants but the firm's own managers who committed the largest computer crime yet disclosed. By inventing bogus policyholders for the fund's computer system and by writing a bypass code to avoid regular auditing checks, the managers were able to create $14.5 million of fake business, for a total face value of $2.1 billion in fictitious policies (against which large sums of cash were obtained through sales of policies and future premiums to reinsurers). The management's great looting spree came to a halt when a former employee reported what was going on to a Wall Street insurance analyst and to the New York State Insurance Department. Word leaked out to investors and to other regulatory authorities; the fund was audited; and the officers were ultimately arrested, tried, and sentenced.

Another prominent case of embezzlement gone electronic involved a man Whiteside calls Hattner, the chief teller of a Union Dime Savings Bank branch on Park Avenue, who filched $1.5 million between 1970 and 1973. "Through a computer terminal he was authorized to use," Whiteside relates, the teller was able "to modify bank records so that customers who conducted transactions at Union Dime thought they had money in their accounts which they didn't have, and the computer, having been so instructed by Hattner, was moving phantom sums from account to account in seemingly perfect order. While using the terminal to keep the books neatly in balance, Hattner moved money—or, rather, data representing money—among hundreds of accounts at Union Dime to prevent the discovery of the substantial shortages."

Hattner's creative computery was unearthed not because an MIT-trained Lieutenant Columbo or a bank auditor

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was put on the job but because a police raid on a New York City bookie joint turned up records showing that Hattner—a teller who was ostensibly earning $11,000 per year—was a heavy plunger who sometimes bet (and lost) $30,000 a day. (Hattner was not a man without a social conscience, however: He held his looting of each bank account to exactly the sum that the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation would reimburse an individual depositor. Behold, the ethical embezzler at work.)

With over 150,000 computers operating in the United States, with more than two million people directly involved in EDP work, and with almost every facet of business and governmental activity using computer services, Whiteside has quite a mosaic of criminal activity to describe. He tells of tamperings with computerized funds-transfer messages between banks; railroad boxcar inventories (217 Penn Central cars diverted and stolen); oil storage inventories ($20 million in fuel stolen from Exxon); electronic equipment inventories ($1 million in Pacific Telephone Company supplies disappeared). He recounts thefts of valuable computer programs, customer and voting lists, and computer-processing time. There is also the account of the criminal gang that convinced some of the employees of the TRW Credit Data Corporation to create good credit records for gang members so they could make large purchases of merchandise from retailers.

Though Whiteside includes some discussions of other kinds of computer crimes—political revolutionaries attacking computer equipment; disgruntled employees sabotaging programs or data; corporate employers illegally buying criminal history records from police computers—*Computer Capers* focuses on rip-offs of commercial establishments.

Overall, Whiteside notes, it is the size of the take in reported computer crimes that commands attention. He quotes a study of 42 computer-related bank frauds that occurred between 1962 and 1975, in which computer expert Donn Parker found the average take to be $430,000. (By contrast, FBI figures show the average take in an armed bank robbery to be $10,000 and in bank embezzlement to be $19,000.)

At the end of Whiteside's book, one is left to choose sides in what promises to become a major debate of our time. Is the movement of money, resources, and transaction controls into computer systems a reckless act for American society? Is it a trend that ought to be slowed substantially while new legal concepts, auditing techniques, systems safeguards, and public investigative methods are developed to protect our assets? Or can we defend ourselves by adapting the essentially familiar techniques of protection against fraud, personnel supervision, and information security to the world of computer systems and their operators?

Most Americans relish the benefits that the computer age provides in consumer and governmental services, but they worry too (as new opinion surveys clearly show) about the increasing vulnerabilities of automated life. Whiteside's book provides a nice introduction to one facet of this growing dilemma. It also pays tribute to man's ability to maintain his larcenous drives in each new stage of civilization and to run a sting even on IBM's best. ◉

Alan F. Westin is a professor of public law and government at Columbia University and author of Data Banks in a Free Society.

All About Mothers

The Mother Book
by Liz Smith
Doubleday, 576 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by
Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

I WASN'T OVERWHELMED with surprise to find myself quoted in Liz Smith's book (she refers to me by my first name—we really must meet sometime). Liz quotes nearly everybody and everything you've ever heard of: Liberace and Abraham Lincoln, Norman Lear and Edwin Lear, Gloria Steinem and Philip Roth, Joan Rivers and Simone de Beauvoir, Elizabeth Ray and Lady Astor, Jill Johnston and the Book of Leviticus, Lenny Bruce and J. Edgar Hoover, British folktales and William Randolph Hearst and Luigi Barzini and Jules Feiffer and Orianna Fallacci and Mother Goose. Well, it's a fat, fat, fat book. Liz has made terrific use of the Dewey decimal system to compile cynical stories, sentimental stories, campy stories, trashy stories, piquant stories (I hope you love lists), in order to write what she calls "a compendium of trivia and grandeur concerning MOTHERS ... MOTHERHOOD ... MATERNITY from the sublime to the ridiculous ...including obscure facts, fancies...sociological speculations, jokes, japes, jibes, poems, songs, graffiti, literature, pieties, profanities, and curiosities about MOTHER." Recipes and acronyms and epigrams and tombstone engravings too.

Oy, as Liz frequently says, *vey!*

My favorite quote is one from Lizzie's good friend Helen Gurley Brown: "Liz," the editor of *Cosmo* said, "this is undoubtedly the worst idea for a book that I have ever heard!"

Think of *The Guinness Book of World Records* and *Bartlett's* mating with *People* magazine and Rona Barrett, and you'll have some idea of what *The Mother Book* is like. Better yet, think of a very long Johnny Carson monologue on one of Johnny's very bad nights. Think of every stereotype and of every misogynist joke you've ever heard about mothers, and you'll find it here.

Thanks in all probability to the women's movement, motherhood is "hot" now: In the past two years, provocative books on the subject have been written by Jane Lazarre, Nancy Friday, Signe Hammer, and Adrienne Rich. I guess Smith thought it was potpourri time. The trouble is that her organization of material reduces everything to the level of trivia. It's odd, but the presence of, say, one-liners by Dan Greenburg (of *How to Be a Jewish Mother* fame) tends to make Auden and Edith Sitwell look shabby—particularly when they're all jumbled together with Lizzie's own contributions (such as, "Jello is very big with mothers"). What are prose by Virginia Woolf and jokes about incest doing between the covers of the same book? (And what is funny about incest?) What caprice led Smith to place a chapter on "Liberated Mothers" directly after a chapter on "Animal Queendom"?

If Liz were as talented at separating the wheat from the chaff as she is in the art of stating the obvious ("the mother bit," she tells us, as if it were a scoop, "is a universal experience for animals"), we might have had a book. Because there are some really affecting pieces here, including a few from unexpected sources: Nora Ephron, for example, pays her mother, Phoebe, a moving and lovely tribute; there is an extraordinary passage by Dick Cavett about the death of his mother that manages to be tender, funny, revelatory, and painful. But the book as a whole makes fun of mothers—who have been insulted long enough, and they and their daughters and, one hopes, their sons have surely had enough. (How often

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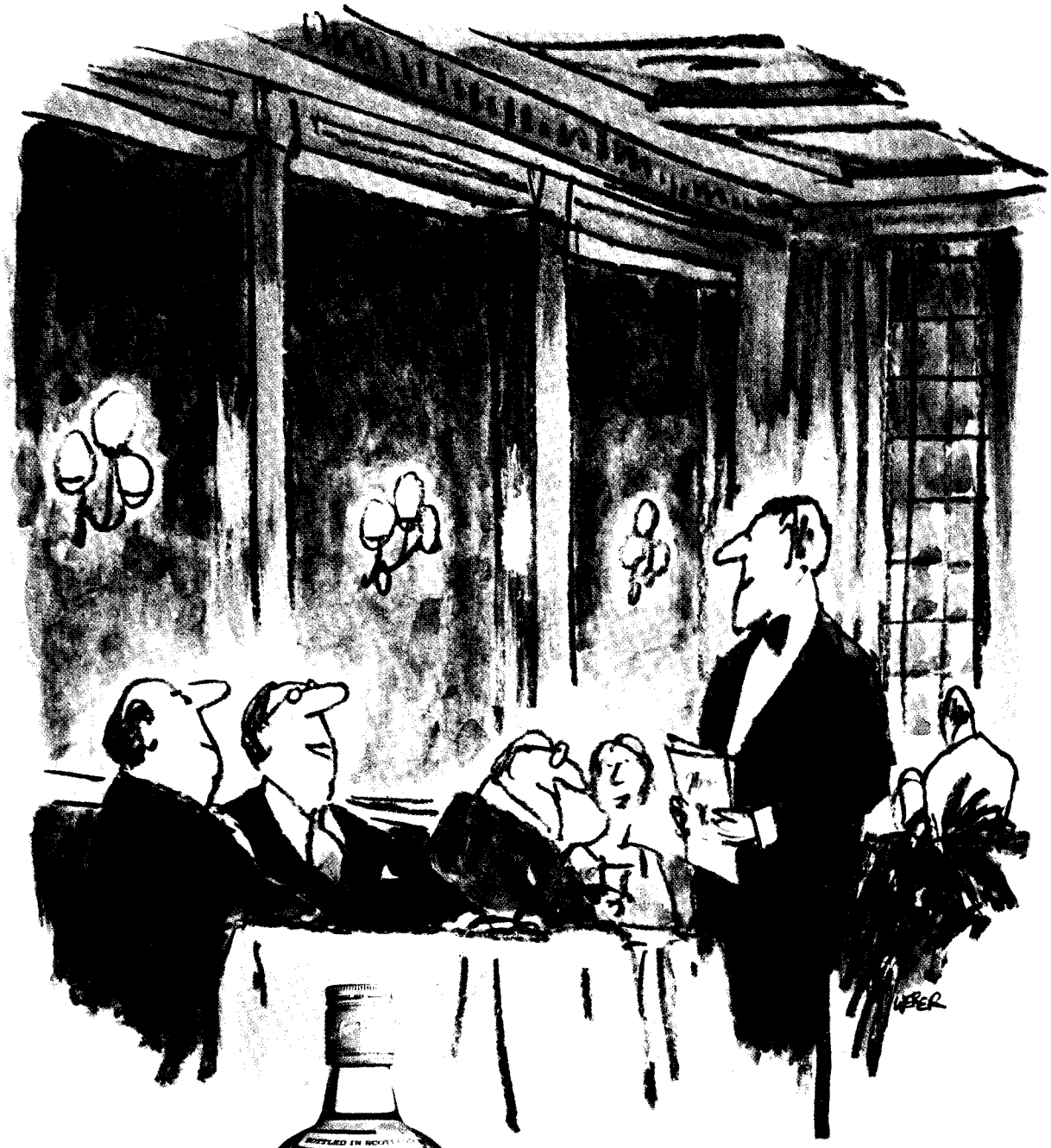

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would *you* want Portnoy over for dinner?) Maybe the gratuitous insults wouldn't trouble me so much if Smith knew the difference between gossip and tragedy. I love gossip; but the fact that Queen Anne had six miscarriages isn't gossip, isn't funny. And I am tired of hearing jokes about the Virgin Mary. I have never heard a funny joke about the Virgin Mary.

I'm willing to admit that *The Mother Book* contains some titillating information. For example, did you know that in the Middle Ages, Judas was accused not only of having betrayed Christ but also of having had an incestuous relationship with his mother?; that "stutterers in every language have trouble saying the word for 'mother'"?; that Ronald Reagan calls Nancy Reagan "Mommy" (Reagan's assessment of the Panama Canal as a campaign issue in 1976 was,"It's Mom's apple pie")?; that Theodore Roosevelt addressed his mother as "darling, beloved little Motherling"? And we all know that Richard Nixon's mother was "a saint." Are we to deduce from this that all imperialists gush over their mothers? Do I care? Well, maybe a little.

I do care about whether my son gets his hands on this book. Right now, he likes me a lot. But if he reads *The Mother Book* and believes what he reads, he'll be convinced that the sole aim of my life is to devastate, manipulate, tyrannize, or seduce him. Do I need that?

Liz Smith writes with such transparent good humor and goodwill that one is almost inclined to forgive her for not being funny enough, or serious enough, to pull this material together.

It's too bad. She could have written (not compiled) a good book. When Smith writes of her own childhood and of her own relationship with her mother, she is close to first rate—honest, tough minded, sweet, and enormously likable. I hope someday she'll write that book. It would make her mother proud. ◉

Barbara Grizzuti Harrison is the author of Unlearning the Lie: Sexism in School *and* Visions of Glory: A History and Memory of the Witnesses of Jehovah, *which Simon & Schuster will publish in September.*

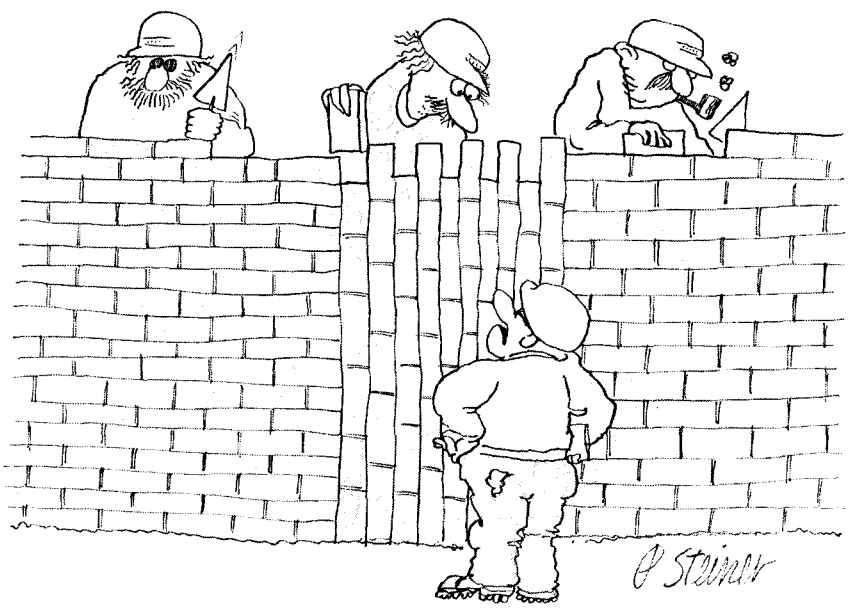
Books in Brief

The Eighth Sin

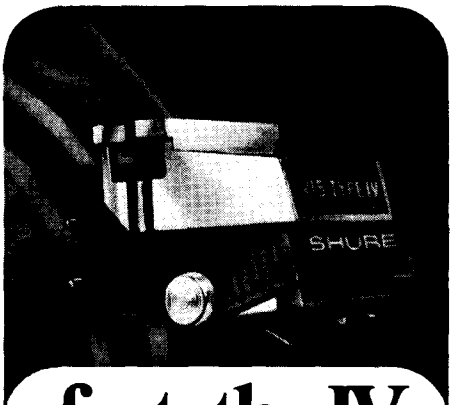
by Stefan Kanfer
Random House, 320 pp., $8.95

"Mordecai," says Stefan Kanfer about one of the auxiliary characters in his alert but wobbly first novel, "was a deciduous Jew, shedding proverbs." *The Eighth Sin* shares this trait. Rake any page and you pile up aphorisms, apothegms, clever phrases. Whether all this luxurious foliage makes a mound high and firm enough from which to view Kanfer's subject, the Holocaust, is the question.

The eighth sin of the title is to forget—something Benoit, a Gypsy boy-



"You the new man?"



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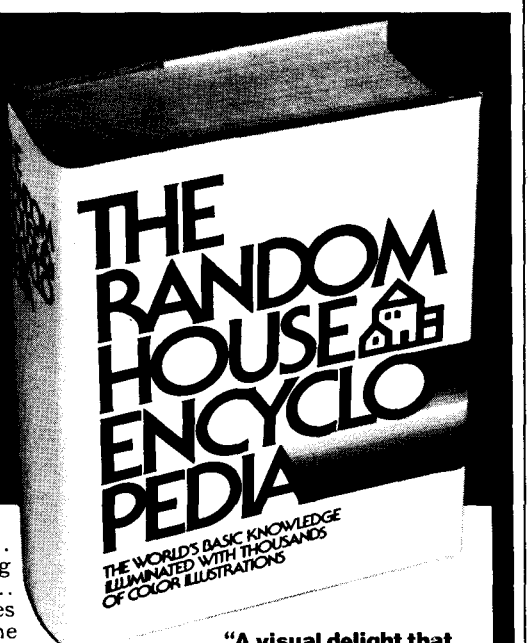

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survivor of the Nazi concentration camps, is hardly ever likely to do. Rescued, adopted, taken to America, and renamed Ben Kaufman, the young boy grows up absurd in the best postwar American style. Brazenly clumsy, he shoplifts his way into doing some time in a reformatory, but he's also good enough at portraiture to assure himself an eventually successful art career. Meanwhile, history rumbles on: Ben's adoptive father, Max, is blacklisted from college teaching because of his Marxist politics; Ben is drafted for Korea and when sent instead to Germany, he meets an American folksinger, Inger, on tour; they fall in love, marry, are childless, divorce. An American life, in other words, except that not every suffering New York male walking the street sights the Gypsy *kapo* who sent hundreds of fellow Romanies to their end in the camps. Benoit's tracking and his final disposition of the hated *kapo* powers the plot.

In outline and intent, nothing's wrong here. Kanfer's reading, both literary and historical (interspersed spatters of documents about the Nazi extermination of Gypsies chill the book), is displayed with tact and justice. But the actual novelizing is inexpert. Benoit comes off smeary, half wise guy, half Jeremiah, fending off fear with phrases that are a touch too combed. And save for one or two, all the supporting players are thinned down to quirks; a caustic opinion, a foible, or a funny accent stand in for personalities.

How to move the bare horror of the Holocaust off its mark remains the problem. Kanfer tries nudging it with a sharp and sundry style, but the awfulness and the pity lie there unleavened, unmoved. Set fanciness down upon this century's living-ghost-show and all it does is skid—which is perhaps why *The Eighth Sin* seems just so much brilliant crust. —ROSS FELD

Tolstoy Remembered

by Tatyana Tolstoy
McGraw-Hill, 320 pp., $14.95

These memoirs by Tolstoy's oldest daughter, written about 1913, remained unpublished during her lifetime because she thought they focused too much on herself and not enough on her father; yet the light she sheds on Tolstoy the man is all the more intriguing for being somewhat oblique. Through the eyes first of a gay, imaginative little girl and then of a brooding, rather solitary adolescent, we catch glimpses of the great novelist at the height of his powers: as worshiped

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husband; as adored father of a growing brood of children; and as master of Yasnaya Polyana, a fine estate populated by eccentric peasants (a monk, a dwarf, a transvestite, and several near saints) straight out of a Russian folktale.

With Tolstoy's conversion to Christian-pacifist-vegetarian anarchism during Tatyana's young adulthood, the memoirs take on a darker tone. Although she embraced her father's beliefs, she remained close to her mother, who did not, and her portrait of the much-maligned Sonya Tolstoy is sympathetic and sensitive. Far from a materialistic harpy, Mme. Tolstoy emerges from these pages as a lonely woman convinced of her own unimportance, very much in love with her husband but increasingly excluded from his life in favor of a crowd of fawning disciples. Her anxieties for her children's future, which were considered crass and reactionary by Tolstoy's followers, turned out to be completely justified: By the terms of a secret will, Tolstoy left all his works in the public domain, with the result that years later, as exiles in Paris, Tatyana and her daughter were so poor they couldn't even afford to see Greta Garbo in the movie version of *Anna Karenina.* Tatyana was a cheerful sort, however, and her memories are without bitterness. —KATHA POLLITT

The Hill of Evil Counsel

by Amos Oz
Helen and Kurt Wolff/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 219 pp., $7.95

Amos Oz, the noted Israeli writer, evokes with consummate skill and fluidity the tense atmosphere of waiting among uprooted East European Jews settled on the outskirts of Jerusalem just before the war that led to the formation of the Jewish state. "What lies in store for us" is the common theme of these three loosely connected novellas. In the shadow of the British barracks—both protection and threat—the characters lead quietly desperate lives in their hastily built community at the edge of the desert, sharing an ironic, somewhat muddled esprit de corps. While the children are obsessed with dreams of glory and military conquest (two of the stories are told through the ruthless, scrutinizing eyes of small boys), the parents wrestle with universal private passions and prepare to arm against an uncertain destiny.

Oz's finest achievement is the interweaving of the personal and the political in an intricate web: When the veterinarian, Dr. Kipnis, loses his wife to a dashing British admiral at a farcical ball where Arabs, Jews, and Britons playact at harmony, the sense of betrayal has broad and ominous overtones. The fervent boy Uri suffers a wrenching loss of faith in the integrity and logic of the adult world when his parents shelter an underground agent but refuse to share the secret with him. And the gentle, nostalgic Dr. Nussbaum, terminally ill and trying to find meaning in his abbreviated life, writes a passionate letter of longing to the woman who has thrown him over: Her harshness seems to symbolize the mettle one needs to survive in the arid, perilous new land.

—LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

Stained Glass

by William F. Buckley, Jr.
Doubleday, 264 pp., $8.95

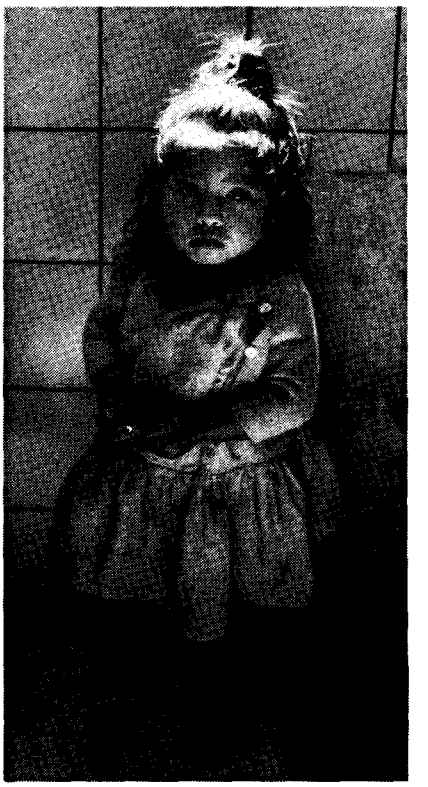
William F. Buckley's second novel, an elegant and engaging tale of East-West skulduggery in postwar Germany, genially observes all the conventions of the first-rate spy story and at the same time conducts a disturbing lesson in the unsavory realities of international politics.

Given to outlandish fantasies—in *United Nations Journal* he tried to imagine what would happen if diplomats spoke the truth on the floor of the U.N. General Assembly—the author here advances a startling proposition: What if the Western Powers, the United States in particular, had resisted Soviet tyranny in East Germany during the scramble for influence in Europe that followed the Second World War? Now, of course, we will never know, but as the author re-creates the international climate of the early 1950s, the notion that history once in a great while presents an opportunity for right to prevail seems tantalizingly plausible, and the bungling of such a chance, maddeningly and momentously wasteful.

Stained Glass proceeds with the ample wit and intelligence that one by now takes for granted in Buckley. With a plot that finds the CIA collaborating with the KGB to assassinate the most prominent and influential anti-Communist in Europe, the novel—by turns playful, charming, poignant, wickedly satiric, and unabashedly partisan—stops short of the triumphantly unambiguous finale featured in routine thrillers. But then, if the author denies us the allegorical victory of the good guys over the bad, it is no doubt because his resonant idealism is tempered by an unblinking eye for things as they really are.

—JANE LARKIN CRAIN

Continued on page 40



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Books in Brief *from page 39*

The Ambivalence of Abortion

by Linda Bird Francke
Random House, 288 pp., $10

"The doctor came in with this needle. ... He stabbed me in the stomach.... [He] couldn't find the right area so he kept stabbing me again and again.... It hurt way beyond crying." Testimonies such as this compose the majority of Linda Bird Francke's *The Ambivalence of Abortion*. The narrative ranges from bad dream to nightmare, and even the women who admit feeling unequivocal relief after having had abortions still advance Francke's numbingly repetitious message: Abortion hurts.

Francke's own abortion caused her unanticipated emotional pain. Although she supports legalized abortion, she wrote this strongly cautionary book to offset the simple picture of abortion she claims is painted by the feminist "left" and to warn others that abortion is inevitably an ordeal.

A book about the ambivalence and the abuses of abortion did need to be written, but Francke's effort doesn't suffice. There isn't enough material here for more than a long article. Most of the women Francke interviewed expected abortion to cause some physical and emotional pain, and Francke does not quote a single example of misleading or oversimplified proabortion propaganda. The feminist abortion counselors she interviewed are all sober and humane. So we are left with only Francke's word that misleading rhetoric exists.

Francke's book is about pain but not about how to reduce it or end it. Aside from frightening women and fueling antiabortion guns, it is difficult to know what service this simplistic treatment of the negative aspects of abortion can possibly perform. —LAURIE STONE ◉

Wit Twister No. 118

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 53.

Where insect — — — — — — — skitter on the lake,
Bright — — — — — — — — of moonlight ripple, stretch, and break
And filter down to glimmer on the wreck
Whose buckled — — — — — — — — embrace its sundered deck.

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TRADE WINDS

by William Cole

Spring Poetry

This is certainly the proper time for spring poems, and how fortunate there's a new book, *The Retrieval System* (Viking/Penguin, $8.95 cloth, $3.95 paperback), by Maxine Kumin, containing lots of them. (This is her sixth collection—she was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for one of them.) The poet lives on a 200-acre farm in New Hampshire, and many of the poems show her closeness with nature. Kumin is just about the best reader of poetry I've ever listened to, and I wish I could hear her read "Late Snow":

It's frail, this spring snow, it's pot cheese
packing down underfoot. It flies out of the
trees
at sunrise like a flock of migrant birds.
It slips in clumps off the barn roof,
wingless angels dropped by parachute.
Inside, I hear the horses knocking
aimlessly in their warm brown lockup,
testing the four known sides of the box
as the soul must, confined under the
breastbone.
Horses blowing their noses, coming awake,
shaking the sawdust bedding out of their
coats.
They do not know what has fallen
out of the sky, colder than apple bloom,
since last night's hay and oats.
They do not know how satisfactory
they look, set loose in the April sun,
nor what handsprings are turned under
my ribs with winter gone.

Fun at the Morgue

The Second International Congress of Crime Writers took place in New York City in mid-March. Three hundred whoduniters came from the United States, England (where the first congress was held two years ago), Canada, Japan, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, and Sweden (where the next will be held, in 1981). A busy week, what with panels, dinners, receptions, talks by literary agents and by publishers, and discussions by experts in the fields of forensic medicine, hostage/terrorism, arson, and the psychology of crime. There were a couple of events billed as "police and autopsy field trips." I attended a few events and at one overheard a woman say, "I'm looking for my husband—about five-eleven, one hundred eighty pounds, Caucasian male...." And this exchange at another: "How'd you like the morgue?" "Oh, it was *great*—I really enjoyed it!" You can get information on the 1981 congress from The Mystery Writers of America, Inc., 105 East 19th Street, New York, New York 10003.

Zero for Misconduct

The title *170 Years of Show Business* (Random House, $10) indicates the amount of time the two authors, Madeline Lee Gilford and Kate Harkin Mostel, and their comedian husbands, Jack Gilford and the late Zero Mostel, have logged on stage, screen, and radio. I met Zero a few times, and each occasion was a hilarious—but grueling—experience. As with many show biz types, he was always "on," and if you were in the least retiring, it was impossible to keep up with him. Here's an example of his high jinks:

Subways were one of his favorite showcases. On one occasion he boarded a train with a cane, pretending to be blind. But crazy blind. He walked down the aisle, his arms groping, idly slapping people in the face, and made his way to his target—a section where an old lady was standing while an able-bodied man sat comfortably. Finally, because [Zero] was so obviously handicapped, the man gave up his seat to Zero, who made a big production of reading the *Times* with his fingers as if it were in Braille. Then, at the perfect moment, Z got up and with a cavalier bow, gave the old lady his seat. At the next stop he grandly got off the train.

There's a lot about old times in vaudeville and radio, loads of anecdotes, and much remaining bitterness over the days of the blacklist and the House Un-American Activities Committee, which threw a great many good people out of work. If you like to read about the home and stage lives of that strange breed—actors—you'll enjoy this. Good photographs too.

A Jumping Accountant

Did you know there is a Dick Francis cult? I'm joining. I've just read *Risk* (Harper & Row, $8.95) and found out what all the fuss is about: Francis is a fast-paced thriller writer with wit and unusual information. Take his first sentence: "Thursday, March 17, I spent the morning in anxiety, the afternoon in ecstasy, and the evening unconscious." Francis is one of a kind—he was the Queen Mother's steeplechase jockey before he turned to writing, and the 18 books he's written all have racing as their background. Our small hero in *Risk* is an accountant by profession and a steeplechase rider by avocation. I care nothing for either of those pursuits, but I had a wonderful time riding horses, getting beaten up, imprisoned, and even settling accounts. Here's a description of sailing that I've had occasion to be in total agreement with:

She walked up the concrete with big strides of her long legs, and came to a stop at our side. "I had a friend whose boyfriend insisted on taking her sailing," she said. "She said she didn't terribly mind being wet, or cold, or hungry, or seasick, or frightened. She just didn't like them all at once." ◉

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1978's Most Original Novel

by Doris Grumbach

BEFORE I ATTEMPT the almost impossible task of describing a complex and fascinating new novel, I want to place *The World According to Garp*, by John Irving (Dutton, $10.95), alongside *Going After Cacciato*, by Tim O'Brien. They are 1978's most original—and therefore best—novels thus far.

Garp itself is a paradox: both slick and subtle, trifling and profound. (My theory is that the novel was written backward from the final sentence, which is: "But in the world according to Garp, we are all terminal cases.") It is a rich and blackly humorous miscellany, one that I predict will sell well because it reads quickly and easily and tells startling, even shocking stories about the absurdity of modern existence. At the same time, it will interest and please demanding critics with its satire on current cultural trends: the feminist movement, educational theories, parental obsession with children, and more.

It is hard to say what *Garp* is about because any summary of what happens in the novel's picaresque pages would make it seem as absurd as soap opera, which it is not. The story centers on T. S. Garp—son to the early and accidental heroine of the women's movement, Jennie Fields; husband of Helen; father of two sons and a daughter. It is about his curious life at a private school for boys, where his mother is a nurse; in Europe, where he goes to write; and in New England, where Helen studies and then teaches. The novel contains the stories Garp writes and large chunks of the novel he publishes. Unlike John Gardner's use of a Gothic novel within his *October Light*, wherein the connection between the two is clever rather than symbiotic, John Irving's inclusions are the sinews of the book. They make emphatic the events of Garp's own life.

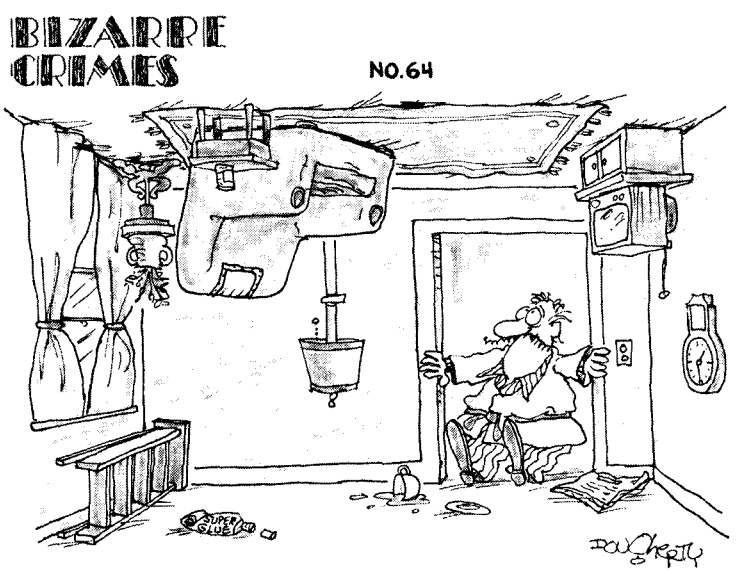
More than a life of Garp, Irving's novel is Garp's gospel, his vision of the world, his fears, his bloody and apostolic adventures, which could happen only in a cruel and senseless world.

The life of Garp's mother might have constituted a gospel of its own. Nurse Jennie Fields conceives Garp almost immaculately: She uses the semen of a mangled and dying soldier to serve her need of a child and to accommodate her hatred of men and her crusade against lust in the world. It is through Garp's world view that we see Jennie and all her followers, including Roberta, a transsexual who once played professional football, and the members of the Ellen James Society, women who have cut out their tongues to show their sympathy for a young rape victim whose tongue was cut out to keep her from identifying her attacker.

The recurrent image in *Garp* is amputation—of a penis, an arm, a thumb. The events of life according to Garp are all violent (just as in Harry Crews's novels the violence of life is represented by freakish characters). This violence belongs to the natural history of persons who are terminal cases—to all of us, that is, who inhabit the present world. If the events seem at times to b too brutal and terrible, if too many vio lences seem to have been heaped upo already suffering and bloodied per sons, that is the way it is: "Garp was a excessive man. He made everythin baroque, he believed in exaggeratior his fiction was extremist." Garp write and lives as he finds the world. An because John Irving is so subtle an persuasive a writer, we believe in hi fictional world.

To Garp, the world seems full of dan gers that flood in on children an swamp the emotional life of parents Garp's one wish is to make the worl safe, especially for his beloved sons Walt and Duncan. But no one in Garp' world is safe or whole for long: Wal dies in a satyric scene, and every one o Garp's terminal cases, including him self, will die. Every death will be care fully, almost lovingly, delineated, wit each life rounded off from birth t death in the manner of the nineteenth century novelists—not because Irvin is emulating Thackeray or Dickens bu because that is the proper clinical ap proach to medical case histories, or bib lical stories, or the pointless life an death of modern man.

A few words about John Irving' style. In this new volume (he has writ ten three other novels, but none o them can be mentioned in the sam breath with *Garp*), he has developed plain, almost bloodless prose, so mat ter-of-fact that it disarms the reader. I has a deceptively antiseptic quality tha misleads us into expecting the ordi nary. When Irving's (and Garp's) imag ination explodes at every turn, we hav already been lulled into unprepared ness by the words. For this reason, was not offended by the extent of th novel, nor did I grow tired (as a frien told me she had) of the epic length. If i is true that Garp (and Irving) "was a serious writer whose 'tendencies to ward baroque exaggeration have ru amuck,'" as one reviewer of Garp' writing says, I was not put off by th excess. My sensibilities were soothe by the almost pacific narrative manne Reading *Garp* was like listening to Ho mer's account of the Trojan War told i a singsong monotone. I relished ever page, every line, of this imaginativ feast. To paraphrase Alexander Pope, i has all the force of many fin words. ◉



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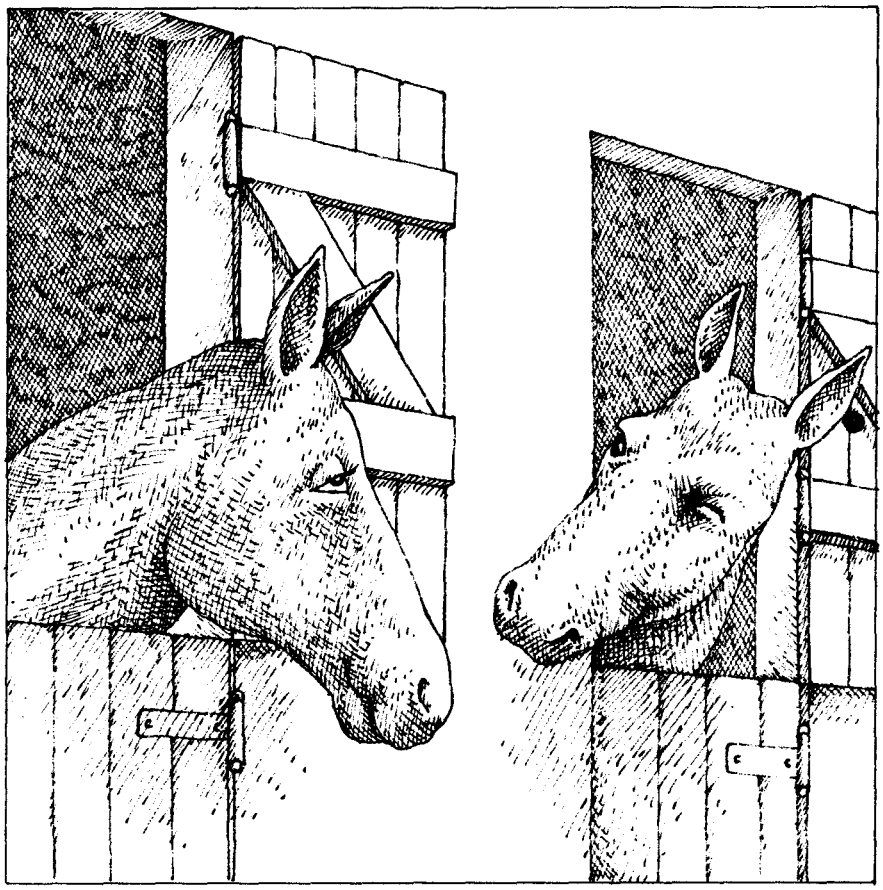
HORSE SENSE ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON

by Jonathan Evan Maslow



THE ODDS are more than somewhat that within a few years the gates at Churchill Downs will spring open, the pack will take off, and instead of the routine victory of yet another Kentucky thoroughbred, a horse bred in New York State will sprint under the wire first. The handicappers may well cry fluke. The touts who stake their kids' tuition on Calumet's colors and Claiborne's pedigrees will shred their pari-mutuel tickets before commencing on their hair. But it won't change the fact that ever since New York State created its Thoroughbred Breeding and Development Fund Corporation four years ago, providing the nation's largest subsidies for racehorse breeding, New York has come on so strong that it may eventually rival Kentucky as the leading producer of high-quality thoroughbreds. The special fund holding awards for breeders of New York-bred winners has already reached $3.8 million and is expected to grow to more than $8 million by 1981. This season's racing cards at Belmont, Aqueduct, and Saratoga will feature 10 special stakes races solely for New York State breds, with added purses totaling $400,000. And the additional prizes for owners of stallions who sire winners at New York's tracks have helped increase the prices for racehorses at the annual Saratoga yearling sale by an average of $7,000, or about one third of the typical auction price.

More than any other business, breeding racehorses is based on high hopes and minuscule chances. Everything can go wrong and usually does—an outbreak of venereal disease in breeding season, a mismatch between jockey and mount, poor track conditions, a pulled leg muscle. Yet dedicated breeders persist: At the end of the rainbow, that pot of gold known as "the one big horse" keeps the promise alive.

With its breeder's fund, New York State has boldly stoked the dream fires. Along the eastern banks of the Hudson, hopes are running high—decrepit dairy farms and fallow pastures are being turned into paddocks, fences are being mended, hundreds of foals are prancing under the scrutiny of their anxious owners. Traditionally, Kentucky's predominance in breeding was attributed to the nutritional qualities of its bluegrass. But most professionals believe that behind the bluegrass mystique stands simple numbers: The area surrounding Lexington has the greatest number and variety of stud stallions standing anywhere in the world. Florida, California, and Maryland have already proved that breeding fine racehorses doesn't depend so much on

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limestone in the soil as on financial incentives for breeders to bring in top sires. And New York is importing some very good sires indeed.

One horse with an active love life is Akindale Farm's Sir Wimborne. A son of Sir Ivor, the world's leading sire in 1976 in terms of producing stakes winners, Sir Wimborne has bloodlines that include such excellent racers and stallions as Turn To, Royal Charger, and the family patriarch, Nearco, major sire in the line of both Bold Ruler and Northern Dancer. As a yearling racing prospect, Sir Wimborne sold for $100,000, knightly by any standards. He was taken to Ireland and put in the hands of Europe's top trainer, Vincent O'Brien. As a two-year-old, Sir Wimborne won the National Stakes, at Curragh, and the Royal Lodge Stakes, at Ascot. He had a good shot at the Irish Sweepstakes, maybe even the Epsom Derby, but then caught one of those ruinous sinus infections and retired undefeated before ever racing as a three-year-old.

Akindale's owner, John Hettinger, a leader in New York's revival of horse farming, had Sir Wimborne in his little black book of stud prospects but assumed that the horse's three-year-old record would put the animal out of his price range. (After all, O'Brien's other horse, The Minstrel, was syndicated for $9 million.) So when Sir Wimborne retired unexpectedly, Hettinger raced off to Ireland and flew home five hours later as the stallion's new owner. Along with Hettinger's other stallion, An Act, Sir Wimborne is the highest-priced horse in New York State. Last year, his first at stud, Sir Wimborne's "book" was completely full, and at $3,500 a shot, he proved his potency with an outstanding 94 percent conception rate.

ON A RECENT MORNING, I went out to Akindale Farm, 65 miles north of New York City, to meet Hettinger and watch his prize stallion perform in the breeding shed. Hettinger has his hands full boarding the 40-odd mares sent to him from all over the country to mate with Sir Wimborne and An Act, but this morning he was particularly excited because his stallion was going to "cover"—as it's delicately called—Hettinger's own maiden broodmare, You're Sensational. Over coffee in the farm kitchen, Hettinger sketched out You're Sensational's pedigree—her dam, Highness, is a full sister to Bold Ruler, the prepotent stud of recent times—and mused about the inexact science of breeding thoroughbreds. "With stallions, people look for a strong sire line, and with broodmares, they tend to look for a strong female family," he said. "Both of my horses have excellent backgrounds.

"Sir Wimborne? I don't know—he's smooth; he's got powerful hindquarters; his legs are straight; and he's got what we call a kind eye, which is important in judging temperament. He's got a very, very good head and neck. He's just a well-balanced, well-proportioned horse. Theoretically, the genetic input from each parent is fifty-fifty; but on the whole, the mare's input is greater because her environmental influence is so enormous—it's everything to a foal, since a foal never knows its father.

"There are tremendous differences between mares. Some are very possessive, some are more relaxed. Some are aggressive, and their foals will copy that. Others will be last in line to get to the feeder water. The ideal is relaxed but aggressive, curious, and first in line. You don't want to inbreed too close, or you'll start producing some really off-the-wall horses—nervous or mean. Some become stall walkers, others weave on the course; both of which are manifestations of nerves. Secretariat exemplified a lot of the best qualities. He was curious, friendly, but a little bit of a tough guy too.

"Lord, it's such a long wait between this day and the time the foal finally gets onto the race course. The only other business you can really compare this to is growing wine grapes, where it's years between the time you plant your vineyard and the day you finally test your vintage. We'll be able to tell something today just by the way my mare takes to her first breeding. But if I wanted to dream just a little, I'd find reason to believe this foal could hit one helluva long ball."

Hettinger, a tall, pipe-smoking man in his late forties, was dressed in a fire engine-red flannel shirt, twill pants, and muddy rubber boots. He was raised just across the road from Akindale, in Dutchess County, but had had no experience in horse farming before being lured back from a real estate career in Europe by the New York State breeder's fund. He is more the country gentleman than the racing playboy, and on the way down to the breeding shed, he was already fussing over his future foal's future.

"You have to decide at what level you're going to play this game," he said. "Every mare I have is somebody's castoff, and every mare I cast off is somebody's pearl. I'm what they call a market breeder, that is, I breed for the yearling sale. If this foal turns out to be a filly, I'll be tempted to keep her and race her. But if it turns out a colt, I'll have to sell him. A commercial breeder can get a bad name if he starts keeping colts. The longer I'm at this, the more I see Akindale as a thoroughbred nursery—period."

Almost all of Hettinger's breeding procedures were borrowed from friends in Kentucky or brought north by his young farm manager, Scooter Hughes, whose father is manager of a Kentucky horse farm. Every morning from February to June, Hughes "teases" the mares with an elderly racehorse and keeps a careful record to find out whether they're in heat. He leads the teaser up to the mares' stalls, permitting the old horse a little nuzzle, a few endearing whinnies. The mares respond right away: If they're not in the mood, you'll hear a swift, crashing kick against the stallboards; but if a mare's coming into heat, she'll accept the teaser's advances (marked "In-1" in Hughes's notebook) or even squat down, lifting her tail and buttocks seductively (Hughes marks her "In-4"). Then the vet is called in to reach up through the mare's rectum and feel through the wall for evidence of ovulation.

The breeding shed is a roomy, fluorescent-lit concrete bungalow. Since You're Sensational had never been bred before, Hughes decided to bring the teaser right into the breeding shed for a dry run. In came the nervous bride, a fine chestnut, pawing the gravel, snorting, and pacing around in close circles while Sir Wimborne called to his lady from his stall on the other side of double doors. A female farmhand edged the mare into the corner, hobbled her left foreleg with a strap in order to prevent kicking, and placed a twitch around her nose to hold her still. I'd lay even money that no virgin ever entered the bridal suite more frightened.

"She doesn't know what's going to happen," said Hettinger, toeing the ground like his horses. "That's why we use the old teaser first, to calm her down and let her know it's not all that terrible. He leads a useful, if frustrating, life. Okay, let's get on with it."

Wearing a broad green apron around his hindquarters to prevent penetration, the teaser was led through the double doors and straight for the girl who would never be his. Alas, You're Sensational flinched at the first jump but by the second practice, she stood firm and uncomplaining, and the teaser was hauled off to his shed. Her mood heated up swiftly. A semiex

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perienced woman already, she squatted, holding keel perfectly. Hettinger nodded and puffed furiously on his billiard pipe as Hughes announced, like a proper clergyman, "She goes to Sir Wimborne!" They bandaged the mare's tail for sanitation and disinfected her reproductive organs. Once more she was hobbled and twitched, and she finally stood at the ready, tail raised.

Now came Sir Wimborne, the noble bay, charging into the stallion's corner with neck muscles bulging, steam rising from his broad back, and feet kicking forcefully at the mats. A stallion's breeding habits are formed the first few times he breeds. Some are easily handled, others try to "savage" the mare, biting or thrusting. The most important thing according to Hettinger is to maintain steady control of the horse—if you let him run all over, the danger of injury to horses and people is great; but if you're too harsh, the stallion gets turned off. Since Wimborne was taken directly off the track, this shed has been the familiar scene of his amours, and he proved an easy, if somewhat dallying, stud to handle.

Three farmhands held You're Sensational. Hughes restrained Sir Wimborne until he launched powerfully across the shed and onto the back of the mare, who, one now noticed, was quite tall for him. The two beasts, so handsome by themselves, looked comically awkward together, like adolescents box stepping on each other's feet at their first dance. The mare showed no emotion. The stallion bit frantically at her neck with his lips splayed, holding on around her belly with his hooves. Whatever may be said of studs" and "stallions" among boastful men, the real things are the clumsiest lovers imaginable. Horses are built for speed, not for comfort. In less than 30 seconds, Sir Wimborne flagged. He was lofting whole clouds of steam now, and Hughes led him back to his corner, where I joined the two men for half time interview.

"He go that time?" asked Hettinger.

"No, he's really fooling around today," said Hughes.

"Sometimes I get the feeling with his guy he doesn't want it to end."

"Well, she's being awful good, anyway."

"Get down to business, Wimborne, c'mon," urged the owner.

Hettinger went behind the glass window of the vet's room, watching throughout the second jumping for the characteristic tremor of the tail, which tells the breeder the stallion has ejaculated. But once more, Sir Wimborne climbed down, unsuccessful. "This is really some maiden voyage," sighed Hettinger.

They disinfected Sir Wimborne a third time, and by now You're Sensational hardly needed the hobble or the twitch. She seemed receptive enough to stand tranquilly till the clock came on noon. But the third go reminded me of what they used to say about plots in the old Yiddish theater: When he wanted to, she didn't; when she wanted to, he didn't; and when they both wanted to, the curtain came down. The third act ended quickly, with Hughes manually disengaging the successfully spent Sir Wimborne. Manager and owner led the big bay quietly back to his stall, where he munched on some hay and stared out his window at the fields. Perhaps he was thinking of how in the wild he could have added this tall brunette to his harem of 20 and taken his pleasure just as he pleased. Now he wouldn't see her again for at least an entire year.

Meanwhile, the men walked You're Sensational back down the road to the mare's shed. She stepped lively, perhaps eager to get home and tell the girls. She had no idea that ahead lay 11 long months of carrying Sir Wimborne's foal—the broodmare's lot. But for John Hettinger, the coming months and years hold excruciating anticipation, waiting for the fine promise of this spring breeding day to become victories in races yet unrun. Leaving the shed to attend to his endless round of chores, Hettinger turned back a moment. "The one thing that keeps you going is that the stakes are great," he said. "We're in the best position of any state because we've got the best racing in the country. The riches are here in New York, but they're not instant. Hell, this is our fifth year, and Akindale hasn't got a check from the state yet.

"But you know what Bernard Baruch said: 'I never heard of an owner of a two-year-old committing suicide.'" ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 107

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 51.*

G Z S E C V L C K K M G

Z C V V C T A "L S S L!"

T F F Z T E Y V T F Z C V

V C T A S Q S K H F Z T E U

F Z S K S T V F M V C H.

—K S E C K A

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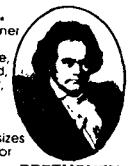

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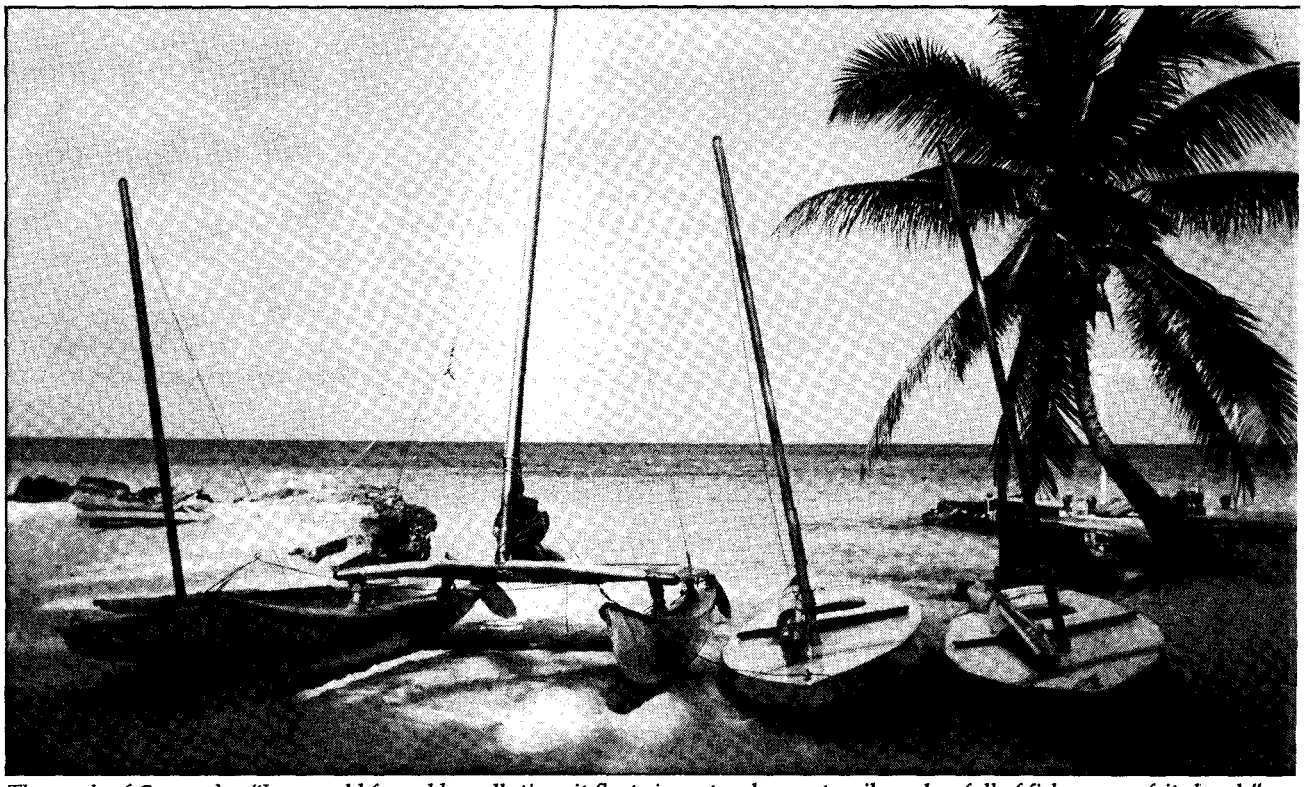
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Adrift in the Tequila Sea

by Horace Sutto



The sands of Cozumel — "In a world fogged by pollution, it floats in water clear as tequila and as full of fish as a surfeited seal."

THERE IS SOMETHING vaguely unraveled about San Miguel. Unraveled and portentous, as if some sinister Savalas were about to set in motion a half-hour chiller about nefarious divers who work the depths of tropical seas from a backwater Mexican port. To be perfectly straight about it, there is nothing whatever that is sinister about San Miguel, which is the lone metropolis on Cozumel, Mexico's contribution to the Caribbean archipelago that is strung out in an easterly arc clear to Barbados.

Twelve miles from the mainland of the Yucatán peninsula, San Miguel sits there on the western shore of Cozumel, facing the Mayan seaside ruin at Tulúm, on the coast of Quintana Roo, and Cancún, the monument to tribal hotelkeeping built by a civilization that flourished under Luis Echeverría Alvarez, former president of Mexico, who left office in 1976. San Miguel has none of that basic, Mexican, old-town look—the lacy bandstand, the broad plaza that functions as agora, the wizened faces that drift away the hours under the canopy of straw sombreros. San Miguel isn't drowsy. It is electric and alive. It stumbles to grow up in a hurry to keep pace with the hotels that are stretched along the island's western coast, facing Yucatán. It is an agglomeration of dive shops that supply the scuba people with tanks, belts, knives, masks, fins, and an exotic mess of other gear required to explore the mysteries of five-mile-long Palancar Reef, off Cozumel's southwestern tip, or Paraíso or Tormentos.

In a world fogged by pollution, Cozumel floats in water clear as tequila and as full of fish as a surfeited seal. Angelfish, parrot fish, trumpet fish, and silvery tarpon swim among the coral heads, the purple sponges, and the sea fans that sway to rhythms they alone can hear. Visitors who do not swim with the angels can come in the spring months, when the run of billfish brings anglers in search of sail, or blue and white marlin, and dorado as well, and giant tuna—called bonito here—that run from 60 to 80 pounds.

Those who do not fraternize with fish above or below the waterline can arrange themselves on the long strands of Cozumel beach with nothing whatever to do except anoint the body wi suntan oil, take a cool-off dip in t turquoise tequila sea, or trud through the sands to the nearest beac side oasis for a *piña colada*. One could time grow used to that kind of life, b should ennui set in—after all, Cozun is neither Acapulco nor Puerto V llarta—one can buzz off in search of t Mayans, who flourished in the fi millennium A.D., produced a sophis cated civilization in which they co muned with the stars, construct calendars, and, in their preoccupati with calculating time, emerged as t Swiss of the archaeological palm lan

From Cozumel a ferry crosses Playa del Carmen for the taxi ride Tulúm (*SR*, "Quintana Roo and Gall Too," July 24, 1976), that handsome r ic of a walled city on a cliff above t sea. Flying excursions explore Chich Itzá, that celebrated ruin that t Mayans founded in the fifth centu and embellished by the Toltecs so centuries later.

As the centerpiece for all this fren of activity, San Miguel—so recently small, so indolent, so undisturbed must feed, amuse, clothe, and supp

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the visitors who come in by plane (directly on Mexicana Airlines from Miami, Houston, and Mexico City as well as on Aeromexico from Houston and Mexico City). Unaccountably, Cozumel attracts the most variegated coterie of visitors likely to wash up on any Caribbean island. For one thing, there are the Germans, who come in relentless waves like the dervishes who assaulted Kitchener's hollow square at Khartoum. They come on Neckermann tours, stay in small, neat, inexpensive hotels in town that post their notices in the native idiom—inviting the visitors to tour by *glasbodenboot* or join the group *mit dem auto safari*. Some Germans arrived this winter on the *Taras Shevchenko*, a ship chartered by Neckermann. It tied up alongside two Soviet ships, the *Odessa* and the *Kazakhstan*, which regularly cruise these waters. Together they made a strange sight, the floodlights at night bathing the hammer and sickle on each of the stacks, homage to Marx shining in the blackness of the soft Mexican night, instruments—for all the flash—of capitalist pleasure, not proletarian struggle.

All Cozumel convenes at Las Palmeras, an open restaurant in the center of town, across from the docks. Here the visiting Germans, the lusty Canadians down from the plains provinces of the west, the Québecois with their curious intonations of the Gallic mother tongue, the Americans with their outlandish hats and their polyester pants suits pulled over restraining girdles—all these gather *al aire libre* to embark on gastronomic expeditions into the dark mysteries of *poc-chuc*, charcoal-broiled pork served with black beans; enchiladas with chocolaty *mole* sauce; sea conch cocktail; or a ranchero beefsteak with refried beans and an enchilada, a way to start the day with gusto.

La Parrilla, on the waterside road, grills lobsters and steaks and has accumulated a reputation for its rum-soaked chocolate cake. It lures the gringos with signs that say, "Your dollar is worth 22 pesos," which is the bank rate, and a promise that one will encounter a staff that is moderately comprehensible. "Broken English Spoken Perfectly," says the notice in the window.

In the old part of town—that would mean the section that is about 10 years old—Pepe's does up lime soup, turtle steak, sea conch filet, and Yucatán-style pork chops in red sauce. Eight-fifty buys a charcoal-broiled lobster—*langosta Cozumeleña*—and $6.50 produces a chateaubriand with béarnaise sauce or Roquefort butter. In culinary Cozumel, much is made of Casa Denis, a shocking green shack with family pictures plastered all over the walls. The inverted chic is implicit in the sleeves-rolled-up, scruffy-house presentation. Reservations and full payment are required in advance. I take the iconoclastic view here: Casa Denis is more razzle than recipe, more curious than culinary, and unless you want a T-shirt that says Casa Denis—you'll have the only one on the block—this experience is to be detoured, delayed, declined, or all three.

In saintly San Miguel, the late-night outpost is El Foco—the light bulb—which does *quesadillas* and enchiladas from 7 P.M. until 1 A.M., when, in their term, the light is turned off. But anyone can stay up at least until three at Hipopotamo, a disco where the beat is Latin rock and the setting is harborside, fountains spraying, as if from the sea, on the plate glass windows that seal off the dance floor from the Caribbean.

French, Italian, Swedish, and Greek ships put in at San Miguel while their passengers wander along Fifth Avenue, the back street of town, poking into shops like Galerias San Miguel de Cozumel, which carries shelves of Lalique crystal, Baccarat glasses, and Dior ties and belts. Dominique stocks the best labels: Halston, Cacharel, Lanvin, Guy LaRoche. Sandwiched in between the boutiques are the off-beach hotels: Mary Carmen, El Marques, El Pirata—with rooms from $10 to $15 a night. Méson San Miguel, which gets the German tours and has a pool in a courtyard, charges $20 a night with breakfast; $24, double.

The dive shops along the waterfront boulevard will supply everything needed for a day under the sea—equipment, instruction, guide, boat, and lunch offered either on board or on the beach. The guides go over the side for conch, which is "cooked" in lime juice, lobsters, and red snapper—all broiled ashore at midday. The whole day, with lunch a gift from the sea, costs under $25 per person.

Sandwiched among the dive shops is the salon of Roberto Franco, a Mexican diver who followed the lead of Jacques Cousteau, that carpetbagger with a camera, who found black coral on Palancar Reef in 1960. Roberto and his divers must now descend to nearly 300 feet to find black coral, a species that grows an inch and a quarter in length and one third of an inch in width every 50 years. Roberto fashions the black coral into earrings, pendants, brooches, link chains carved from one branch, and swooping necklaces.

A true Costa Cozumeleña is sprouting on both sides of San Miguel. Eleven hotels are already in place along the sea, and one, the Sol Caribe, is scheduled to open momentarily. The most ambitious resort yet to appear along the coast, it is a 10-story extravaganza fashioned in a para-Mayan motif. Panorama elevators will zip up the outside walls, a tunnel will lead to the beach. The wings of the building embrace a huge, free-shaped pool with an island in the middle. Suites will cost $50, double rooms, $39, but the hotel is offering its quarters on a time-share basis. A participant buys a suite or a room to be owned for a lifetime. It can be used for a week or two, surrendered to the hotel renting pool at other times, the owner accruing a share in the profits.

In quite another style, La Ceiba, across the street, is a snug, family-operated hotel with 42 rooms, white walls, tile floors, an indoor/outdoor dining room, and a complete dive shop of its own. The hotel has no phones in the rooms, no television; and since there is no radio on the island, no radio sets either, unless you bring your own and listen to Cuba. But La Ceiba does have style and taste, a product of Pancho Morales and his wife, Sharon, once of Denver, who own it and run it.

A similar snuggery, Cabañas del Caribe,on Santa Pilar Beach, two and a half miles from town, is a compound of villas and trig rooms in two-story lodging houses. Breakfast under the *palapa* fringe of its waterside restaurant, with the fish demonstrating in the sea just below one's feet, is a communion with the good things of life that will launch any day into bright sunshine no matter the weather.

The same management runs the elegant Mayan Plaza, upbeach on Santa Pilar. All the accouterments are handy here—white beach, pool with a swim-to-it bar, a breezy terrace for breakfast and lunch, a restaurant that will nourish the flagging itinerant with *huevos motuleña*, a matutinal reinforcement of scrambled eggs, peas, ham, and cheese piled on top of a tortilla that has been paved with refried beans and spicy *salsa*—a concoction imported from the Yucatecan town of Motul. At eventide, from the aerie of a terrace in the penthouse, one can watch in silent wonder as the sun slips into the Caribbean, making way for the stars that will blanket the night sky, twinkling and falling across the heavens in a bravura performance that must have enthralled the Mayans as it does those moderns who lie supine on the sands of darkness to behold them. Even the inhibited soul is hard put to keep from whispering an audible "Olé!" ◉

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LET'S HAVE A BLOODY REVOLUTION

by Anthony Burgess

ITALY, like America, has its lecture circuits, and I have just come back to Monaco after 10 days of public butchery in Turin, Florence, Milan, Rome, and Bari. One cannot use such metaphors lightly when talking about contemporary Italy. Real butchery, in the name of politics, proceeded in the streets outside; in one theater or another I merely butchered the Italian language. I gave a 75-minute talk in British Tuscan, and though I did my best with the bel canto, that innate Anglo-Saxon sense of the fundamental absurdity of foreign languages kept breaking in. Thus the word *visivi*, with its three clear, pure, high, front, tense teeth-barers, seemed to me to require, to justify its operaticity, the look of pain that might go along with being anally raped. My listeners took it in their stride without writhing on their bottoms: Tense vowels are as restful to them as slack ones are to us.

My talk was in two parts. First, I told them who and what I am. I am known in Italy as an author, but for some reason chiefly as a kind of prophet of violence. *Un poeta della violenza* is the way the newspapers sometimes describe me. Every author has this kind of trouble: One disregardable book becomes famous, and the rest of the oeuvre is ignored. When visiting a small high school in Philadelphia, I discovered that I was known only as an authority on the Marquis de Sade. I was amazed: I know nothing about that great masochist. But then I was shown an article on him that I had evidently dashed off long ago to pay the rent and then immediately forgotten. The article had been reprinted in a high school reader. It was necessary in Italy to protest that I am an unviolent, apolitical man who has written innumerable bland novellas about love and that I did not forecast the nature of present-day Italy in the silly book they call *L'Arancia meccanica*.

It was evident to my listeners that I am British, but I had to say what the term "British" means—that it does not just mean horse-toothed lispers in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot; it also means rough-spoken, hardworking mixtures of Celt, Silurian, and North Teuton living on smoky slag heaps very far from Buckingham Palace. It does not necessarily mean the Protestant establishment; it also means Lancashire Catholics like myself, to whom the state religion of Italy is an ideology of protest and occasional rebellion. This is always hard for Italians to take in. *Cattolico* to them carries connotations of reaction; it is almost a synonym for *fascista*. Perhaps it was unfair of me to try to shatter the stereotype (though, when you come to think of it, it ought to have been thoroughly shattered by the old men once known as the Beatles). But even American talk shows persist in equating British with Robert Morley. Without stereotypes, thought and feeling are virtually impossible.

The second part of the talk was about the nature of kinetic subart—pornography and political didacticism, both of which pass for literature in a country inflamed equally with sex and politics. The point was not well taken; to my audiences (big ones to be harangued rather than gently persuaded; the term *pornografia* had packed even the stage boxes), art has always been in the service of something—the church, the state, the political parties. How about Verdi? Politics. Dante? Religion. D'Annunzio? The fascist air force. The notion of the writer as an activist, now fiercely current even in America—which is as apolitical a country as Britain—cannot be broken by references to the pure art of a Nabokov or a Borges. *Lolita*? A protest against the fascist Mann Act. Borges? Never heard of him.

Bari, climatically in February a Miami to the Boston of Turin, was the place where I really met what I call the activist heresy. When *My Fair Lady* was dubbed in Italian, Eliza Doolittle had to become a Bari girl, since only the Baresi have a gross phonic eccentricity that a Henry Higgins might set himself to change—they pronounce *a* as *e*. I was invited, God help me, to lecture on *Finnegans Wake*, at the university. I expected 10 postgraduate specialists at the most but got hundreds of roarers who, I assume, assumed that Joyce was somebody the state or the Vatican had forbidden to be translated because he was subversive. Explaining the Viconian *ricorso*—the death of law, the turning of the historical cycle back to the rule of gods and giants—I found myself ranting politically about decay and corruption and the immediacy of Joyce's message. Message? How easy it is to be corrupted oneself when one is surrounded by corruption—I mean, of course, that corruption of thought that has hit Italian youth and renders them incapable of seeing even the act of love as unpolitical. Some cheered, others booed.

It is some years since I've been in an American university, but I can't believe that activist corruption there has hit the very decor of academe as it has in Italy. There is not a solitary square meter of wall, inner or outer, at Bari University that is not spray painted with slogans, and it's the same in Rome. Even the elevator at Bari has DEATH TO SOMEBODY written large. If it moves, shoot it. If it doesn't move, scrawl on it. We children of younger civilizations are pained to see how monuments of Italian art are regarded as mere inscribable surfaces. But Italy loathes the past, which includes in a synchronic muck heap Mussolini and Michelangelo, and for 2,000 years has been trying to move into the future. The visit of this *poeta della violenza* did not help to push the raging dissidents one inch forward, but then, what can you expect after all of a Lancashire Catholic fascist? Art indeed. Let's have a bloody revolution. Words preserved under Pompeii's lava. ◉

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EDITORIAL

Jobs and Military Spending

FOR MANY YEARS, Bruce Russett, professor of political science at Yale, would feel uneasy every time he heard the argument that jobs would be lost if the United States government cut down on the manufacture of weapons and on military expenditures in general. He would read that congressmen and senators, including those who had strong anti-war positions in all other respects, would intercede with the Defense Department to prevent shutdowns or cutbacks in their own districts or states. Even people who recognized the danger and the absurdity of massive military budgets went along with the notion that the national economy, especially on the employment level, profited from the manufacture of armaments and the maintenance of large armed forces.

Was the notion true? Or was this entire country being taken in by an assumption? Professor Russett decided to dig for the facts. He undertook a study covering 30 years of military spending.

Some questions the study sought to answer:

- What is the difference in the effect on the national economy of a dollar spent under the military budget and a dollar spent in the civilian economy?
- What are the benefits to the civilian economy of military spending?
- What is the drain on the nation's renewable and non-renewable natural resources as the result of military versus civilian spending? What is the comparable cost to the American people of the depletion of these resources?

As the result of his probe, Professor Russett became convinced that both friends and foes of a high military budget are dealing with gross fallacies. He found striking evidence that jobs are actually being lost through defense expenditures.

How many jobs? Professor Russett's study didn't take him that far. It remained for Marion Anderson, an economist and researcher of East Lansing, Michigan, to supply some startling figures. Miss Anderson had previously been associated with Seymour Melman, professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University and one of the nation's most persistent and knowledgeable experts on wasteful and irresponsible spending in the military program. She put her special training to work on what seemed to her to be the key questions about the economic effects and implications of a large military budget.

Marion Anderson's study both corroborated and extended the Russett research. She was able to establish that military labor is less productive and less economical than civilian labor. It takes more military money to produce the same quantity and quality of goods as is produced by non-military money.

Wouldn't this fact suggest that the effect of military spending would be to create and sustain more jobs, since more people are required to produce a similar output?

Not at all, says Miss Anderson. A great deal of military money never gets translated into employment, since it is spent on weapons maintenance and high-salaried supervisory personnel.

Miss Anderson analyzed the period from 1940 to 1974 and found that 3,106,000 jobs were directly attributable to military spending. But the economic displacement and preemption of resources and facilities produced a shrinkage in the civilian economy, with a consequent loss of 4,013,000 jobs. Net loss: 907,000 jobs. This translates to 11,600 workers without jobs for every billion dollars spent in the military budget.

Miss Anderson double-checked her figures and sent her complete analysis to Professor Melman and Senator Edward Kennedy. Both men analyzed the data and found no flaws. Senator Kennedy took the unusual step of giving the report the backing of his office.

The significance of the Russett-Anderson studies needs no underlining. Massive military spending by the United States has long since passed the point where it has anything to do with genuine national security. We have at least 100 times more explosive and deliverable power than would be required to destroy any potential enemy or combination of enemies. The weapons in the arsenal of the United States and the Soviet Union belong to what is known as the Mutually Assured Destructive system, the acronym for which is, appropriately, MAD. Each side is supposed to be so dominated by rationality and restraint that it would not dream of using its weapons because of the mutually suicidal implications. Yet the first thing both the United States and the Soviet Union do in any tense or threatening situation, such as the dispute over West Berlin, is to put each other on notice that they are prepared to go all the way rather than to back down. Moreover, the same irrationality that regards the holocaust-making weapons as essential for security is poised over the doomsday push buttons.

Yet one of the main arguments for maintaining and enlarging the arsenals is that their reduction or limitation would trigger an unacceptable loss of jobs. Even if true, this is monstrously wicked reasoning; and the fact that the American Federation of Labor and some of our more lustrous names in Congress are identified with such reasoning makes it no less reprehensible.

Meanwhile, people tend to focus on jobs and to ignore the penalties of uneconomic government spending. The greatest single cause of inflation in the United States today is the government itself. The more it spends, the larger the debt and the greater the incentive to pay back in cheap dollars. And no form of government spending, as has been clearly established in multiple reports that began with the Hoover Commission, is more burdened by waste than are military expenditures both at home and abroad.

Some economists have held that the American people have to choose between controlling inflation and controlling unemployment and that we cannot expect to reduce the latter without increasing the former. They tend to associate a high rate of employment with an overheated economy and runaway inflation.

The Russett-Anderson papers are significant because they demonstrate that there need be no inflation penalty for high employment—so long as military spending is brought within reasonable limits. In short, once the American people come to understand that the national economy will be strengthened, not weakened, by eliminating extravagancies from the military budget, they will be in a better position to re-order their priorities.

It never made moral sense to look to suicidal weaponry as a source of employment. Now the evidence is mounting that it doesn't make economic sense either. —N.C.

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TOP OF MY HEAD

Presenting Mother

by Goodman Ace

'TWAS THE DAY before Mother's Day, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring. Except Peggy, mother of two little boys. What Peggy was stirring was her morning coffee, as she sat alone in the kitchen dialing her closest friend, Nancy, a fellow mother of two little boys, as she sat alone in *her* kitchen. Peggy and Nancy were alone because their respective husbands and broods had gone shopping for Mother's Day presents.

"Hi, Nan, and don't ask me how I feel."

"Okay, Peggy, I won't."

"I've had better mornings than this."

"I can tell from your voice. Near Mother's Day it always drops an octave lower than Anna Karenina's. Why are you so uptight about Mother's Day?"

"Because I think it's a dumb idea."

"Oh, come on, Peg; what's dumb about getting a few little presents from your kids? I enjoy it."

"Listen, Nan, as a woman and as a mother, I resent being commercialized. It's a conspiracy. They pick out one day a year, call it Mother's Day, and my kids are off to the department stores to buy me gifts. Unwitting accomplices in the conspiracy."

"There you go, Peg. Everything's a conspiracy. Can't you think of it as a sentimental tribute to mothers? Like the old song—it's corny, but it's beautiful." (She sings.) "'M is for the million things she...'"

"Please, Nan, no. I'm having enough trouble keeping my coffee down. Nobody can convince me that Mother's Day wasn't invented by Bloomingdale's."

"Not true, Peg. I was just reading a reference book called *Chases' Calendar of Annual Events*, and it says here that Mother's Day was first observed in 1907 at the instance of Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, who asked her church to hold a service in memory of all mothers on the anniversary of her mother's death. It wasn't till 1914 that Mother's Day became official by presidential proclamation, to be observed on the second Sunday in May."

"Yeah? Well, Nancy, I have here a little reference book called The Holy Bible. In Exodus, Chapter Twenty, it says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' That's it. It does not say honor thy father on the third Sunday in June or thy mother on the second Sunday in May. And there's not one word about rushing off to Bloomingdale's to buy them gifts of myrrh, incense, or gold. No sir, I'll never believe that Mother's Day was not concocted and proclaimed by department stores, even if I live to be thirty-six."

Author's note: Peggy is thirty-five. So is Nancy. They met at college, and Peggy tacitly became the leader. Nancy has been her devoted follower on every important issue, from The Pill to the Equal Rights Amendment. However, Nancy backslid a little on the ERA because of a traumatic experience last winter in an elevator in Saks Fifth Ave. She was one of six women passengers there when the elevator stopped to take on a handsome young man. He surveyed the group and asked politely, "Would it offend any of you women if I took off my hat?" In the electrified hush that followed, Nancy suffered a quick series of cozily nostalgic flashbacks in which men kept lighting her cigarettes. She told Peggy of the incident and said she was quitting the ERA. Peg swiftly settled that: "That's silly, Nan. Just quit cigarettes." Nan listened, as usual. (Chalk up another win for Peggy, but not yet on the Mother's Day issue.)

"Last Mother's Day, Fred gave me a bottle of Oil of Olay. Don't you think my face looks much younger now, Peggy?"

"I will if you want me to."

"Peg, I can see my gang is coming back. I'm going to hang up."

"Oh, is it that late, Nan? I better pull myself together and get going."

"Where you off to?"

"Yesterday in a boutique at the Plaza Hotel, I saw a beautiful shawl my mother will love. I'm going to drop it off this afternoon."

"What!? Peggy, you fink! You're going to commercialize Mother's Day? Making mothers co-conspirators!?"

"This is different, Nan. It's *my mother*. She's special."

Author's note: I'm sorry, Peg. I know I promised not to tell that part. But I couldn't leave you out on a limb by yourself—the Scrooge of this piece. Not today. Tomorrow's Mother's Day, for heaven's sake! ◉

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—Renard

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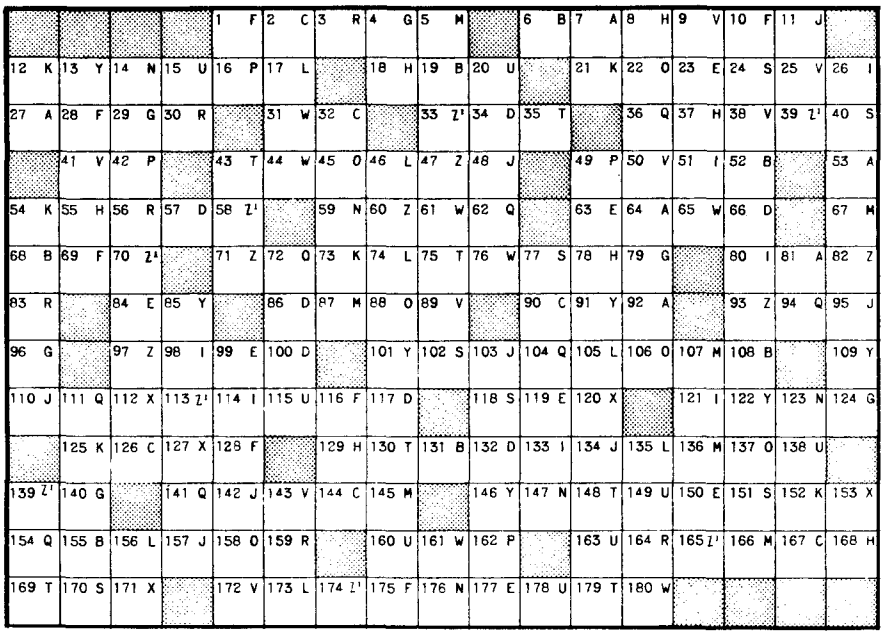
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 147

by Thomas H. Middleton



Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 146*** appears on page 5.

CLUES	WORDS
A. *Higher magistrate in* ancient Athens	7 27 53 64 81 92
B. Frowzy, grubby, tacky; smutty	131 155 68 108 6 19 52
C. Mollusk also called sea cradle	90 126 144 167 2 32
D. Most exciting, fervent, or fresh	34 57 66 86 100 117 132
E. Instantly (3 wds.)	150 177 23 63 84 119 99
F. Authorize	116 128 175 10 1 28 69
G. Prime	79 124 140 4 29 96
H. Acute, strong	168 8 18 37 55 78 129
I. Borough of south London	80 98 121 26 51 114 133
J. German film director (1892–1947), with many Hollywood films (*Ninotchka*, etc.)	95 110 134 157 11 48 103 142
K. Continent; unsullied	12 21 54 73 125 152
L. French sculptor (1704–78); teacher of Houdon, Pigalle, Falconet	156 173 105 135 17 46 74
M. Stravinsky ballet	107 145 67 87 166 136 5
N. Flock of geese, ducks, or the like in flight	59 123 147 176 14
O. High in station, rank, or repute	22 106 45 72 88 137 158
P. Nimble; skillful; clever	162 16 42 49
Q. Nondescript object	62 36 111 141 94 104 154
R. Archipelago in the Atlantic; county of Scotland	164 3 30 56 83 159
S. Attire	24 118 77 151 170 102 40
T. Bewails, grieves	75 130 169 35 148 43 179
U. Swerves; strays	138 178 15 115 160 149 20 163
V. Coming (3 wds.)	41 9 25 50 143 172 38 89
W. Kind, sort	76 65 180 44 31 61 161
X. Imparts	112 127 153 120 171
Y. Small trout found in Maine lakes	13 109 101 91 85 146 122
Z. American aeronautical engineer and designer (1890–1930)	82 93 71 47 60 97
Z'. Exacerbate	70 165 139 113 33 58 174 39

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THE BACK DOOR

A No-Win War

DURING THE PAST DECADE, the antagonism between the press and big business has escalated into a cold war. Sensible chief executives of major corporations swear that the news media, with just enough exceptions to prove the rule, are bent on wrecking businesses' profits and reputations. Otherwise objective newsmen assume that they have failed to "get" a business story unless they have uncovered unconscionable greed, callousness, or corruption. The armed-camp mentality grows: Instead of pondering how they can cooperate to improve the quality of business reporting, newsmen and executives scheme to circumvent or sabotage each other by sensationalizing on the one hand and by lying or stonewalling on the other.

It's a shame, particularly because it's unnecessary. If the differences between business and the press were ideological—if, for instance, all newsmen were, as Spiro Agnew once intimated, hard-core Communists—then battle would be inevitable. But excepting a few extremists on the left and the right, newsmen and businessmen recognize each other as legitimate partners in our national enterprise. They agree that both a free press and profits are essential to the workings of our system of governance.

Why, then, the warring? In an article in April's *Atlantic Monthly*, "Memo to the Press: They Hate You Out There," Louis Banks, a former managing editor of *Fortune* and now an adjunct professor of management at M.I.T., enumerates the causes of the conflict. Businessmen fault newsmen for careless reporting of facts, oversimplification, "chronic negativism," treating good news as no news, and abusing the power of the press. Newsmen fault businessmen for obfuscating facts, squandering journalists' time with bromidic and boring press releases, not making themselves available to answer questions, and in some memorable cases, lying. Neither side objects to the fundamental goals of the other (to produce goods and services, jobs, and profits; to report the news), but each objects to the way in which the other pursues its goals.

As with many wars, the root of the problem is misunderstanding, and the way to alleviate the problem is to promote dialogue. This takes time, energy, and money—all of which, God knows, could be otherwise allocated. If, however, such a commitment is not made, the battle over methods could escalate into an ideological war in which the newsmen will clamor that capitalism, dishonest and uncontrollable, should be replaced; and the capitalists will insist that the press, uneducable and incendiary, should be muzzled.

Mme. de Staël wrote: "To understand all is to pardon all." If businessmen and journalists had a keener awareness of why and how each operated, they would treat each other more kindly. They might even try to help each other out.

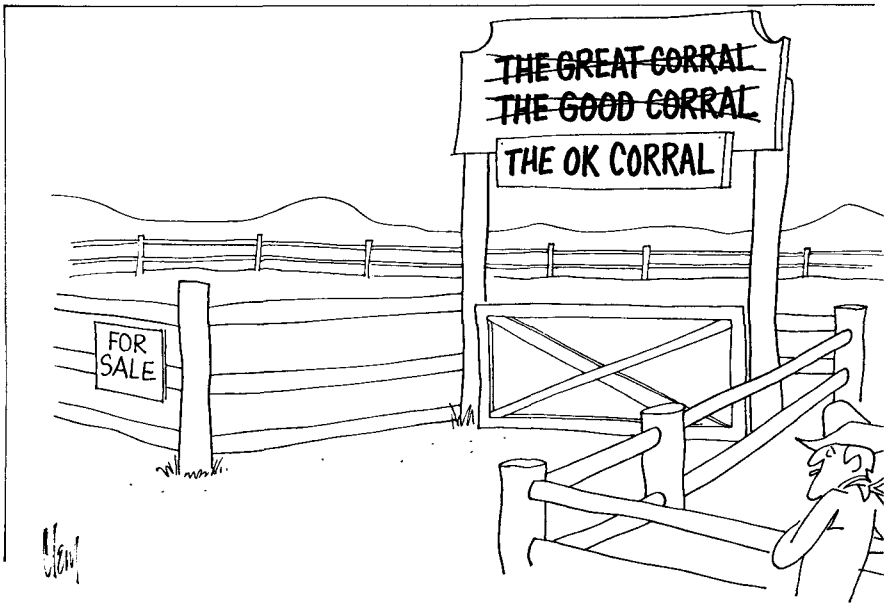
Businessmen, for instance, should understand why people become journalists. Not for money, certainly, though occasionally a journalist will strike it rich. Rarely in America do people become journalists for ideological reasons. What attracts most journalists to the profession is that it is (a) intellectually various and stimulating, (b) in the public eye, and (c) by common consent in the public weal. To do their jobs well, they need to find news stories that will command space on a front page or time on the evening news.

Most journalists respect an honest source. If businessmen would try to provide journalists with honest news rather than stories the businessmen would like to see printed, the journalists would make an extra effort to do justice to the businessmen's point of view.

To do justice, however, journalists need educating. I have heard many businessmen gripe that reporters often won't educate themselves about the subject they are covering. No doubt, in the best of all possible worlds, they should. But journalists are just like almost everybody else—busy, underpaid, sometimes lazy, eager to spend time with their spouses. There is no shortage of excuses *not* to do that extra few hours of background research.

The deeper one delves into any industry or company, the clearer it becomes that there are very few villains or indefensible decisions. As another Frenchman sighed, "There are always reasons." Business should make it its business to alert journalists to these reasons and to interest journalists in the complexity of the issues. There are several ways to do this: face-to-face, in seminars; via advocacy advertising in newspapers and magazines; or by conventional methods of news conferences and press releases. Different tactics fit different objectives. Whatever the method, business should apply the same intelligence and zeal to selling its points of view as it does to selling its products. The growing hostility between the press and business benefits nobody and could endanger the survival of our free enterprise system. It is time for the press and business to stop pointing fingers at each other and to work together to inform Americans about what's really going on.

—CARLL TUCKER



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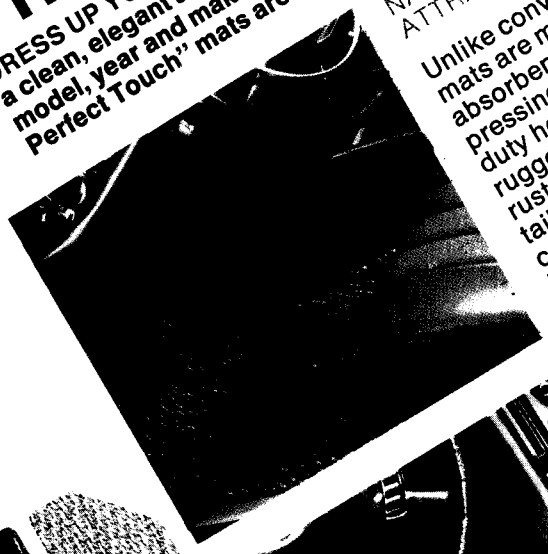

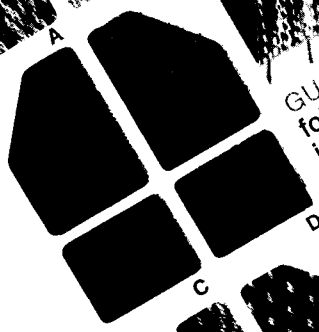

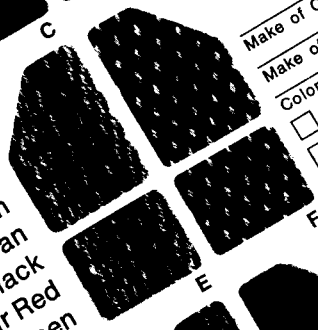

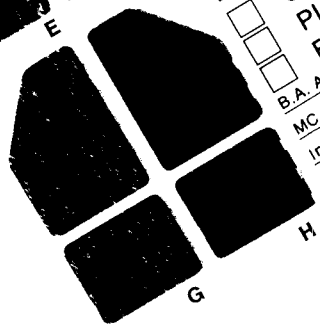

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